THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1874. NO. 42.

King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The Scholar left all his learning;
The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the faded rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black-wine.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

A Lullaby.

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!—
Croning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland—
Down to the under-land—
Go, oh go!
Down into wonderland go

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;
Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over
Down on the mother-world,
Down on the other world!
Sleep, oh sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world—
Into the lily-world
Gone, oh gone!
Into the lily-world, gone!

—J. G. Holland.

THE ADMIRAL'S GIG.

Illustrating a Singularly Mixed Up State of Affairs at a Navy Yard.

A vivacious correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* tells a story connected with an attempted reception of Secretary Robeson at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard a year ago, which he says was current at Rye Beach the past summer.

The secretary, who has apartments each season in one of the cottages at Rye, had sent word to the admiral commanding the yard that he would visit Portsmouth on a certain day and inspect the station. Great preparations were made to receive him. When the time for his arrival drew near, the admiral with all his officers in full uniform, four companies of marines, and the band, stood on the wharf ready to greet the head of all our marine forces, while the crew of a national frigate stood to their guns all ready to utter a little thunder in the secretary's behalf.

There were two ways for the secretary to reach the yard from Portsmouth. He could cross the river by boat or drive around by the bridge. The boat-landing at the yard and the entrance from the carriage-way are upon opposite sides of the grounds, and quite concealed one from the other.

The admiral, wishing to show all possible attention to the secretary, sent over to the Portsmouth side, first his gig gayly decorated and manned with eight expert oarsmen, a steam-launch, in case he should prefer to cross in that, and, lastly, his carriage and horses to convey the party around by the bridge, should they desire to go that way. A messenger was in waiting to ascertain which of these modes of conveyance the secretary selected, and to cross in advance and give the admiral notice, so that if the secretary chose the carriage, the officers and marines might be marched over to the gate to receive him. Of the secretary's party was Master ——, who was always prominent on occasions of this kind.

When the party arrived at the Portsmouth wharf an officer explained to the secretary that several modes of conveyance awaited his choice. He could be rowed across in the admiral's gig, or take the steam-launch, or drive around with the carriage. Master —— listened intently while the secretary was consulting the members of the party and making up his mind.

At length Mr. Robeson informed the officer in waiting that he would go over in the gig. Master ——, hearing this, concluded that he would jump on the ferry-boat which was just pushing off, and be the first to inform the admiral of the secretary's intention.

The ferry-boat passed the officers' boat en the same errand, and arrived at the dock far in advance of him. Unfortunately, Master —— is not a great sailor, and as a landsman he had been educated to suppose that a gig was something that went on wheels and was drawn by horse-power. So the moment the boat reached the wharf he jumped ashore, ran up to the admiral, and said, "The secretary will drive around." Then there was hurrying in hot haste. The marines started at double-quick for the gate on the other side, quite around and behind the great ship buildings, and wholly hidden from the river. The admiral and all his officers followed as fast as possible, and in three minutes the forces of all kinds and the crowd of visitors had passed behind all the buildings, and the river front of the yard was left without a sign of life, except an officer who happened to be off duty and opportunely came along a few minutes after the admiral and his forces had disappeared.

Meantime the secretary's party, minus Master ——, had disposed themselves in the admiral's gig and were being rowed rapidly to the deserted wharf. The stillness of things seemed unaccountable to Mr. Robeson and the visitors he had brought up from Rye to see how a Secretary of the Navy was received at a yard where there was a full force to do him honor. There was no thunder of cannon, rattle of drums, or music of bands. And the secretary, noticing the absence of the expected concourse of sound, cast his eye along the wharf and around the visible portions of the yard, and was thunderstruck at the general stillness and desolation. His wonder grew as the gig pulled up at the wharf, and no human being appeared to greet him, or even hand him a message. The situation was fast becoming embarassing. However, the party all crawled out of the gig as best they could, and gathered in a knot on the wharf. Here they attracted the attention of the strolling officer, and as he came near and recognized the secretary, the whole situation flashed upon him. He was in fatigue uniform and not in any sense ready to "receive" the head of the navy, but, walking up and saluting the secretary, he offered to escort him to the admiral's quarters. At the same time he managed to inform the officer in command of the frigate in the next slip that the secretary had landed, and by the time the party had fairly started on its walk, the big guns began to thunder, and on one side of the yard the embarrassment of the situation was considerably relieved.

But what shall be said of the perplexity which prevailed at the gate on the other side? The carriage in which it was supposed the secretary was driving around had not appeared when the first gun fired on the river front. Peal after peal followed and still no carriage. At length, just as the admiral had given himself over to absolute despair, up came the carriage, driving furiously, and enveloped in a cloud of dust. It seemed that one heavy gentleman of the secretary's party chose to drive around, and, hearing the first gun of the salute, the driver had attempted to reach the ground so that the guest might not miss any part of the reception. It was natural that all should suppose the secretary to be in that carriage, and the appearance of the stout gentleman confirmed the belief, so the admiral and all his officers gave the customary salutation in splendid style. The four companies of marines presented arms, and the band went into ecstacies. At this juncture the strange gentleman got out, and the admiral was advancing toward him, when a messenger came up and informed him that the secretary had landed at the wharf, and was there alone. The strange gentleman was left to his fate, and under the swift orders of the admiral the whole force started on double-quick for the wharf, the officer in advance, and the battalion of marines, with its band, preceding, followed close after. The marines being more accustomed to double-quick step than the admiral and his officers, gained on the latter, and as the hurrying column pressed on it was well closed up. Then came the crowning catastrophe. Turning a sharp corner in the road, where it passed between two high buildings, and where the echo was altogether confusing, the admiral and his companions bore directly down upon the still more astonished secretary, and the next instant the drum major, with his big fur cap and baton, projected himself into the official presence, followed by drums and brass horns in dire confusion, and an instant later, the column of marines telescoped the whole party, after the manner of a railroad collision.

The situation was at least grave. The admiral had grasped the secretary's hand at the first meeting, and was trying to explain, when the player on the biggest horn arrived, and before he could halt, had run the instrument over the Secretary's shoulder, till, seen from his own party, the illusion of his having joined the band was complete. And to make matters worse, the thunder of the last guns of the salute was rattling between the buildings, rendering explanations on either side almost impossible. But after some two minutes, which to the admiral seemed as many hours, the salute ended, the marines regained their ranks, the band got itself together and withdrew to one side, and the admiral soon explained how he had been misled by the message from Master —— that the "secretary will drive around."

As the reception had been thus somewhat marred when judged by naval standards, the battalion of marines was marched to the parade ground, where they were reviewed by the secretary. Here everything passed off with the strictest regard to tactics, except that the secretary, instead of standing opposite the colors when the line formed for review, was furnished with a rocking-chair, which, on account of his previous fatigue, he occupied while the column passed twice in review. After this the secretary and the other members of his party, all looking as if they had seen sights enough for one day, were escorted to the admiral's quarters and provided with a lunch, which restored the fortunes of the day. Before it was over, Master —— had learned the difference between gigs on wheels and gigs afloat.

Cruelty to Pigeons.

Two boys named Dan Walls and George Heaton were charged at Leeds, England, with cruelty to pigeons, and Elijah Walls, the first named boy's father, and John Hunt, were charged with aiding and abetting in the commission of the offense. Mr. George Buckton said that on the 22d of September, about five o'clock in the afternoon, while he was in his garden, he heard the sound of a slight explosion, and looking into the air he saw a pigeon flying which had evidently a lighted cracker attached to its tail. Going on to the road, he saw the two boys carrying a basket, and he caused a police officer to apprehend them. In the basket were three pigeons, one of which had an unexploded cracker, containing twenty "cracks," tied to its tail. They told him that Hunt had given them the pigeons to send up at intervals of five minutes. Inspector Feet stated that in consequence of what the last witness told him he went to Walls' house and saw the four defendants. In answer to the charge, Walls said, "We had made a match for a supper, and tied crackers to the pigeon's tails for the purpose of making them fly fast. We knew it was cruel, but we will never do such a thing again." The bench discharged the two boys and fined the men 5s. and costs.

Curious Epitaphs.

Some of the tombstones of England —and some of the old ones of nearer home, too—have strange inscriptions. A correspondent sends us the following as specimens:

"Can it be true that I am free,
From that queer old pest, Ann Larabee?
I am sure of this, she once was mine,
But now, O Lord! I her to thee resign,
"And am your
"Humble and happy Servant,
"JOHN LARABEE."

"It was spotted measles that killed our Daisy,
When I think of her death it makes me go crazy,
I don't see why we should have so much trouble,
While others go scott-free, and of money have double."

"Go, cruel Death! I do not love thee, for thou wert unkind
To take dear Birdie from me, and leave me here behind.
Thou should'st have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been a comfort to the survivor."

"Friends, I've left this world of sin,
And am shut up here in a small coffin,
May I soon reach Heaven, and stretch my limbs,
For I long to sing songs with the cherubims."

"The milk of human kindness was my own dear cherub wife,
I'll never find another one as good in all my life;
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree her body is laid.,,

His Fee.

Velpeau, the French surgeon, had successfully performed, on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said:

"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude. Allow me, however, to present you with this pocketbook, embroidered by my own hands."

"Oh, madame," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present in exchange for a more substantial remuneration."

"But, monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself."

"Five thousand francs, madame."

The lady very quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten thousand francs in notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!

Now and Then.

In 1810, the thrifty district known as Southern New York was almost uninhabited. In this new country lumbering was the only business carried on. The lumber was made into rafts and floated down the Delaware to the Philedelphia market, and the lumbermen were accustomed to walk the entire distance home after having disposed of their lumber. On this route there was a stretch of what was called "the wilderness," a distance of thirty miles, without a house, and only a footpath through the dense forest that stood on the banks of the Delaware river. Many are the narrow escapes from wild beasts that inhabited this wilderness that are recounted by those who, when boys, listened to the old pioneers of this district.

Poachers in England.

One of the legal consequences of owning land in England is the property which it brings with it in all the animated tenants of the forests, meadows, and streams. Birds, fish, and deer, pheasants and plover, foxes and hares, belong as much to the proprietor as the trees and the fruits of his garden. Whoever shoots a bird or traps a rabbit on one of the immense English estates is liable to imprisonment like a thief or a burglar. The game laws authorize the owner to defend his warrens and preserves even by killing the trespasser who resists his servants and refuses to leave his land, and the property in game is enforced by all the powers of the British constitution. The right of fishing in certain streams or hunting over certain grounds is bought and sold as commonly as the right to preach and pray. The lives of the throngs of hares, foxes, and birds that swarm in countless numbers over England are guarded with sedulous care; and the unlucky tenant-farmers, who often see their crops devoured and their gardens pillaged by the rabbits and the rooks, have no resource but submission. They look with no kindly feeling upon the landlords who nourish the vermin that overrun the fields, or who in the autumn ride over meadows and hedges and plowed land in their mad chase after a hare or a fox; and the hungry laborer, whose family seldom tastes meat and often suffers for want of less costly food, cannot avoid a pang of envy and of discontent when he sees the forest and meadows swarming with useless and destructive game which he is forbidden to touch, but which would bring back perhaps the failing strength of a sick wife or a feeble child. Temptation is ever before him. He cannot always resist.

Poaching is one of the commonest crimes in England, and is punished with extreme severity. The country magistrates, who are always land-holders, have no pity on the young laborer who is caught shooting his first partridge or hare; and the rigid game-laws are said to be the cause of a rapid growth of crime in the rural districts. The young man who has been tempted to poach in the teeming forest or preserve, and is detected, loses at once character and hope. He is imprisoned or fined. He enters upon a new course of crime. In his madness and want he robs, perhaps at last he murders, and sometimes the gamekeeper who procured his first conviction has fallen a victim to his rage.

At night the gamekeeper and his men, and sometimes the proprietor himself, wander over the immense estates in search of poachers. They are well armed and prepared for resistance. They track their victims with the stealthy tread of the savage. The report of a gun or the trail of men over the grass guides them to their enemy, and the poachers, who are always on the watch for the gamekeepers, and are also armed, not unfrequently make a bold resistance, and a nocturnal skirmish and combat take place in the green glades of the forest. All over England, in the season of game, this constant vigilance must be exercised, and an army of gamekeepers are kept in activity in order to secure this migratory kind of property. Yet poaching flourishes, and large quantities of cheap game find a way to the London market that could never have been sold so low unless it had been obtained as easily as Robin Hood's venison. Poaching has naturally a strong attraction for all the idle and reckless young men of the country. They find in the woods an easy means of making money for dissipated pleasures. They at least can see no wrong in clearing the land of useless game. They have their haunts in the depths of the English forest, and live a nomad life, that is not unlike that of a Western trapper. The Sioux are not more hostile to the white hunter who intrudes upon their hunting grounds than is often the English land-owner to his poachers, nor more resolved to extirpate the bold intruders. Between the poacher and the English squire a war has raged since the days of Puck and Robin Hood.

Yet the progress of intelligence and humanity in England promises soon to abolish even the game-laws. Already they have been amended in several of their harsher provisions. This season several of the large land-holders have thrown open their immense hunting fields to the people, and have allowed game to be pursued freely by all who chose to come. It is scarcely possible that the English can much longer consent to preserve this nursery for discontent and crime; and when the public schools have spread over the country, as they are now rapidly doing, the game-laws must fall before the light of knowledge. It is indeed remarkable that they should have lasted so long.

Punkin Pi.

Punkin pi iz the sass ov Nu England. They are vittles and drink, they are joy on the haff-shell, they are glory enuff for one day, and are good kold or warmed up. I would like to be a boy again, just for sixty minnetts, and eat myself phull ov the blessed old mixtur. Enny man who dont luv punkin pi, wants watching cluss, for he means to do somethin mean the fust good chance he kan git. Giv me all the punkin pi i could eat, when i waz a boy, and i didn't kare whether Sunday-skool kept that day or not. And now that i have grown up to manhood, and have run for the legislature once, and only got beat 856 votes, and am thoroly marrid, thare aint nothing i hanker for wuss, and kan bury quicker, than two-thirds of a good old-fashioned punkin pi, an inch and a haff thik, and well smelt up, with ginger and nutmeg. Punkin pi iz the oldest Amerikan beverage i kno ov, and ought to go down to posterity with the trade mark ov our grandmothers on it; but i am afrade it wont, for it iz tuff even now to find one that tastes in the mouth at ali as they did 40 years ago.

About Wooden Toothpicks.

One gets so used to seeing wooden toothpicks at restaurants that he looks upon them as things of course. He never thinks that their manufacture forms an important branch of industry, but, nevertheless, such is the case. These toothpicks are made principally in the New England States and in New Jersey. They are manufactured by the same process as are match stems, usually made in the same factories. The material used in their manufacture is white maple or poplar, as both of those woods are tasteless. They are put up in boxes of two thousand each, and sell for fifteen cents a box. Restaurants use from two to four thousand toothpicks in a week. Because they are so cheap and so bountifully supplied people take them by the handful. Wooden toothpicks have only been in use for about ten or twelve years. When they were first invented, there were only one or two factories where they were made and they cost a deal more than they do now.

An exchange has an acquaintance who remarks that he has often heard the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," but he says he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money of him.

The Poisoning Period.

If the reign of Louis XIV. of France, was celebrated for its literary and war-like illustrations, it was a period of terrible crimes. It was the era of poisons. Wives murdered husbands, sons killed fathers, and La Brinvilliers flourished. M. Ravaisson says: "The poisoners worked away, almost in broad daylight. Some passed themselves off for alchemists, and while preparing mineral and vegetable poisons in secret, in public showed alembics filled with innocent distillations. Colbert, just then, was paying great attention to founding glass factories in France, and many of the poisoners went to work in the royal glass works, so that they were absolutely supported by the State, while they sold their poisons at high prices. Some of these wretches gave lessons in preparing poisons, and kept professional schools, where the whole business was taught in a most thorough manner." With this horrid school of professional poison-makers, there was ingrafted a belief in sorcery. Fantastic legends, more or less diabolical, seized hold of the minds of the common people, and there is no doubt but that children were sacrificed during certain incantations. The crimes perpetrated by the French at this period, in the middle of the seventeenth century, are so horrible that they had better not be described.

The poisoners for a long time laughed at justice. Then, as to-day, the detection of this particular crime was a difficult one. French opinion at this period was quite indifferent. The Parisian world was even ready to laugh, when a pretty wife got rid of an old and ugly husband by means of a few grains of health powder. There was a certain Mme. Dreux, the wife of a member of the Parliament, who, tired of a married life, was said to have tried a half dozen times to poison her better half, and who, in a fit of jealousy, was known to have poisoned the betrothed of one of her former lovers. Yet this estimable lady was well received. M. De Coulanges wrote a number of pleasant couplets directed against M. Dreux, and even the clever Mme. De Sevigne scribbled amusing letters about the whole business. It seems, however, that some people of a timid character were not exactly comfortable. Believing that glass would show traces of poison better than goblets of golden, silver or pewter, nobody drank but out of glass. Clothes were washed at home, under the eye of the mistress of the house; letters were disinfected for fear of poison, and pretty women would only receive bouquets of flowers with the utmost circumspection. Invitations to sup were accepted with a certain amount of supicion, and the conduct of the host was closely watched, and what he ate or drank was only accepted by the guests. After a pleasant little supper, the least symptoms arising from natural causes, as from an indigestion, were looked upon with fear and trembling, and it was the custom, immediately on arriving home from a feast for the guests to take emetics and drenches, in order to protect themselves against the chances of any tampering with the meat or wine.

Captured After Many Years.

Fraught as the last sixteen years have been with grand events, which have changed the destinies of nations, news to thrill so many hearts has, perhaps, never been flashed through the wires as the brief message that Nana Sahib, the once noted Hindoo chief, has at last been captured.

Like thunder in a clear sky, the Indian mutiny of 1857 shocked while it astounded the civilized world. The well at Cawnpore has become a shrine. The demon hero of that awful time was Nana Sahib. Hunted like a wolf in the field, his followers slain, his every effort at resistance cast to the winds by the fierce and sleepless wrath of the avengers, the baffled prince has been a fugitive all these weary years. Not for a second has the search relaxed. Every man's hand has been armed against him. Immense rewards have been offered, and he has been tracked and pursued all over Asia. Rumors brought ever and anon by flying *Cossids* would place him at Herat or Yarkand, Aleppo or Bokhara. There, on the spur, hurried bands of the old allies of Great Britain in quelling the outburst, eager to bring him back, dead or alive. He has been captured a dozen times, according to rumor, but the prisoners have proved to be either other mutineers or perfectly innocent persons.

This time, however, there seems to be no doubt about the matter. Arrested in Gwalior, his native place, and of which he claimed the sovereignty, he has been recognized by his cousin, the Maharajah Scindiah, perhaps the most powerful and certainly the wealthiest of all the native monarchs of Hindostan.

It was from brooding over the alleged injustice of the East India Company that Nana Sahib, or rather Nana Rao, his proper name, lashed himself to the pitch of ruthless fury which culminated in his dreadful massacres at Bithoor and Cawnpore. He was a Mahratta Brahmin, and, according to the peculiar Hindoo law of inheritance, the adopted son of the Peishwa excluded nearer relations. When the Peishwa died the British Government refused to recognize Nana Rao, and placed Scindiah on the *musnud*. The disappointed prince, a cultured man, braved the displeasure of his friends, the very tenets of his religion, crossed the forbidden *Kala Pani*, or "Black Water," and for years pervaded the precincts of the English Court. He was unsuccessful. He returned to India, and to purge himself of his sins against the ceremonial law, passed through a gigantic golden cow, which was afterward melted up and divided among 5,000 Brahmins. He became quite a society man with the English officers, and was remarkably gallant to the ladies. Arab horses and cashmere shawls were frequent tributes from this unusually affable Hindoo. Milder than his proverbially mild race, his ferocity, when it did break out, was as that of the tiger of his country's jungles. He brought mourning to a whole nation, with whom the world sympathized.

Made Insane.—A young girl in Paris named Marguerite Beliet, who had been unfortunate in a love affair, resolved to commit suicide. Before going to bed she filled her chamber with the most odorous flowers, and having completely closed the room, covered up her head and went to sleep. She was found in an unconscious state about noon the next day, and although by great medical skill she was recalled to life, her reason has fled. She imagines that she has been transported to the kingdom of flowers and has become a marigold. "I remember that I loved a butterfly," she murmurs; "but he has gone away."

"People talk about waking up with a snap," says Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame. "Why, that is a horrible way to do it. I met a friend the other day who said, 'I always wake up with a snap, and get up with a jump.' Why, the sweetest experience of life comes to us leisurely. What would you think of the sun rising with a snap? or roses opening with a snap? of a man eating beefsteak with a snap? of a wife kissing her husband with a snap?"

THE HABITANT.

A Graphic Description of the French-Canadian Small Farmer.

A correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth*, writing from Ste. Marie-de-Mannoir, Province of Quebec, gossips thus pleasantly about the small farmers:

Did I ever tell you of the Canadian *par excellence*, the "habitant," or well-to-do farmer? If not, you shall make his acquaintance. He is about fifty years old (the one that I know), about five feet six in height; has black hair, and dark, soft eyes; wears side whiskers, *a la Anglaise*, and is always smoking the most villainous tobacco of his own raising. In summer he wears a blue jean shirt, white duck pants, moccasins made of one piece of leather and turned up at the toe; a broad-brimmed straw hat crowns his head; *et "le voila."* He doesn't like to work, and if it were not for the richness of the soil, I am afraid he would starve. He lives in a little house, whitewashed, with red shutters, red roof, and a red door; the windows are casements, and are curtained with papers. We go up the steps and go straight into the big room; an immense stove, three-stories, stands in the center; there are big buffets for the dishes and clothes, and a stand for the buckets of water; a picture of the Virgin hangs on the wall, and a crucifix is on the table. There are two little rooms leading from the big one, and I can see the tall wardrobes and high beds—one with pink sheets and pillow-slips, and the other with green. They are so high I know they must have little steps to get into bed. The wife of the "habitant" is very pleasant, but has no beauty; she has to work too hard, and has too many children to attend to herself. She it is who makes her garden and does her housework, spins and weaves, and twice a year looks after the grand wash by the river bank. She works out doors, and her husband goes to the village store, drinks with his companions, and spins long-winded stories for the pleasure of the storekeeper and his grinning clerks. She, too, wears the moccasins and the broad-brimmed hat, a skirt of gray flannel, just reaching to her ankles, a calico sack and apron; and, behold her! she is very dark, and her voice will be harsh and heavy. Perhaps, too, she will have an enormous *goitre*. These good people are Catholics, and pay to the church the tax of one twenty-seventh part of their grain, besides giving to every beggar and nun, and also paying to the lord of their country the tithe that has come down since the setting of Canada. If some one of their family has died, and they want masses said, they will bring a pig or some chickens, and after church the beadle will sell them on the green in front of the church. In the winter the dress of the woman is changed only by a sack of flannel, and a little, woolen bonnet; but the man dons high soft boots of buff or brown leather, made like his moccasins, a flannel shirt, gray, red or blue, gray flannel pants; and there he rests, close by the stove, unless business calls him out. Then comes from the stable a pretty, low sleigh, and a spirited horse. He pulls a pointed, knit-cap over his head, puts on his Capuchin-coat, pulls the pointed hood with its scarlet tassel over his knit cap, ties a scarlet scarf about his waist, springs into his sleigh, and away he goes down the long, white, straight road! We watch him out of sight, and come back to more mundane things. This is but a specimen. Some are richer, some are poorer, but they have all warm hearts, and touch their hats with politeness to the *Demoiselle Americaine*, although they belong to another class and another religion. These "habitants" are the farmers and small landed proprietors.

There is still another class, the peasants, who are poorer, and work for the others; then, next the "messieurs," including the doctors, lawyers, merchants, clergy, and the rich! I like the French Canadian, he is always very good to me, and, indeed, to us all.

An Eccentric S'ar.

The most singular fact connected with the proper motions of the stars is that one or two stars are flying through space with such enormous rapidity that the combined attraction of all the stars visible with the telescope could never stop them. This seems to be especially the case with a small star, invisible to the naked eye, designated in astronomical literature as "Groombridge, 1830," from the name of the astronomer who first recorded its position. The rate of motion of this star is about seven seconds per year—the greatest known. It was hence concluded that it must be very near us, and a number of astronomers have sought to determine its parallax, but have found it to be only about a tenth of a second. Its apparent motion in a year being seventy times its parallax, it moves at least seventy times the distance from the earth to the sun in a year, or 18,000,000 of miles every day, and more than 200 miles every second. From what we know of the distribution, masses, and number of the stars, it seems probable that the attraction of all the bodies in the universe can never stop this headlong speed, nor bring this star into any orbit, and that consequently it will pass through our universe, and leave it entirely in its passage through infinite space. If we had accurate observations of the star's position 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, we could speak with more certainty of its destiny. We may expect that our posterity of a few thousand years hence will, by the aid of the observations and tables we shall transmit to them, be able to come to a definite conclusion respecting the age and the structure of the universe.

Little Johnny's Composition.

CATS.

This is not a essy on the cat, wich would be one, but on cats, wich is several, for cats is never by theirself only wen they sleeps, and they don't do that no different from other animels, but they is alone wen they cetches a mouse, except the mouse. We had a old cat as cot a mouse and didn't kill it, but only hurt it inside. Then she laid it down, and laid down by it, and shot her eys, and forgot; but wen it had crold away a bit she rememberd. Then father he said heed be blode, and the way he kict the cat was crewil as you ever see. Then the baby, wich was a-settin' on the flore, lookt up and said Agin.

Cats can look in the dark better than day times, tho they isn't so much to see. That's 'cause their eys is like lanterns, but dogs looks best with a bras coler. Billy he says if dogs has bras colers with their oners' names onto it they don't go mad. He says that's law.

Cats wich has kittins is better than the other kind, 'cause it's good fun to drownd 'em in bags. My sister's young man says wen you want to drownd kittins if you wil apply ey to the Society for prefentin' crulty to animels you can git rose water.

Did you ever here the cats a-hollerin, in the night, and a-spittin'? I have, lots, and I tel you it makes a feller afrade if he isn't a-sleepin' with his sister. Byron says cats is awful yet lovely in their strength, and they is mentiond by sevrel.

Curious Amusements.

We are enjoying the excitement attendant upon an English fair, writes a correspondent. Locking around us we notice interests and excitements which, if known in America, are unfamiliar to us. Here is a group of lads, reminding us of the flies that gather to a drop of treacle. We find in its center a table of common deal, into which are stuck by the blade some fifty or sixty pocket-knives. The table and the knives are owned by a very rummy looking man, of fifty-five or sixty years, who is exhorting the boys to try their luck. He knows they are clever lads. He knows it by their looks. Here are four brass rings. If any boy will throw one of these rings at five feet from the table so that it falls upon a knife, he shall have the knife, or fourpence, as he pleases. Smart boys, such as they are, can do it with ease. The rings are full two inches in diameter, and sure to go over the knives if well thrown. He shall be obliged to attach one condition, only one, to the throwing of the rings. If it should happen that no one of the four rings should go over a knife, the thrower will kindly please to pay him, the owner, one penny. We looked on. The first ring we saw thrown went over a knife. We saw twelve other lads try their luck, and not another ring did we see go over a knife! This game was the center of a constant circle of losing lads, and sometimes of lesing men, all the afternoon. Not far off is Aunt Sally. She is a stick stuck into the ground, with skirts over crinoline, and surmounted by a wooden head decorated in imitation of a squaw's. In her mouth an ordinary tobacco pipe. To every man paying his penny is given four round sticks, an inch in diameter and a foot in length. If, standing at a distance of twenty feet, he can hit and smash the pipe in Aunt Sally's mouth, he shall be rewarded with fourpence. If not, he loses his penny. Aunt Sally is a "good card," but beside her are other catch-pennies, such as opportunities to try your strength, your weight, the power of your lungs, and the distance you can jump. By-and-bye comes a contest in step-dancing. Then comes a donkey race, always a comical affair, and popular in England. It comes off amid a storm of shouts and laughter, and the most unlikely donkey comes in ahead simply because the most likely one stops, doggedly or donkeyly, just his own length short of the goal. A hurdle race follows, and it is impossible to decide which of the two is the winner, and finally a traveling trickster gives various feats which makes the natives open their eyes and their mouths in wonder.

A Terrible Snake Story.

A party of Chicago tourists, who returned from a three months' trip through Park, Summit, and Grande counties, Colorado, relate a terrible snake story. They were encamped in Elk Head Mountains, in the North Park, when they met with a misfortune which cost one of the party his life. The party arrived in camp late one night from a day's hunt and ramble over the hills. After a hearty supper the party lay down in their blankets around the fire, which had been built in the cleft of some large quartz rocks, and all were soon fast asleep.

Mr. Straley was awakened in the night by a heavy weight upon his chest. At first he supposed it was his brother's hand, but, as it did not move, and becoming nervous and alarmed, he raised his head, and was horrified to find a large mountain rattlesnake coiled upon his chest, with his head nestled down in the center of the coil. It was nearly daylight, but Mr. Straley was so paralyzed with fear that he could not make a noise, and dared not move. He recovered his presence of mind so far as to be able to draw the blankets over his face. This movement started the reptile, which glided from him to his brother, who was sleeping with him. The snake passed from his breast to his brother's face, when, in a fatal moment, Henry Straley raised his hand to tear it away. There was a fierce rattle and a load cry from the half-awakened boy, and the monster buried its fangs in his right hand and a second time in his cheek. There was a load scream from Henry as the poor boy jumped to his feet, while the snake glided from the blankets to a large flat rock near the embers of the fire. Mr. Jenkins fired his revolver at it and the second shot brought it down.

Poor young Straley was soon suffering the most intense agony. His brother, at his request, cut out a large part o the cheek in hopes that the poison had not penetrated very deep, and a tight ligature was bound around the wrist of the bitten hand, which was bathed in cold water. But nothing the horrified young men could do availed to save the poor boy. He died in less than two hours in the most terrible agony. The body changed color within three hours after the accident. The young men conveyed the corpse to Fort Steele, whence it was shipped home to Caicago for interment. The snake measured four feet in length and had nine rattles, which were taken off.

Bound to Do a Full Day's Work.

Mr. M——, of Oxford, don't object to having a hired man do a full day's work; at least so we should judge from the following story:

A short time ago, a man went to his place for work. Mr. M—— set him to plowing around a forty-acre field. After he had plowed faithfully all day, until the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit work.

"Oh, no," said Mr. M——, "you can plow around six or eight times more just as well as not."

So the hired man plowed around six or eight times, then went to the house, took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper, and found ten o'clock staring him in the face from the old time piece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M——, "Where is Mr. M——?"

The good woman answered, "He has retired; do you wish to see him?"

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bedroom, he said, "Mr. M——, where is the ax?"

"Why," said Mr. M——, "what do you want with the ax?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I thought you might like me to split wood till breakfast is ready."

Cruelty.

John Dwinnelle, in San Francisco, was mounting his horse; a dog barked, the horse shied, and the man was thrown. Mr. Dwinnelle got up exceedingly angry, but with the subdued, teeth-clenching manner of a man bent on vengeance. He led his horse back to the stable, and then sought the dog, who was drowsily catching flies in a butcher's shop. Mr. Dwinnelle took the dog by the nape of its neck in one hand, and the handle of a long-bladed knife in the other, and carried them into the street. There he tried to carry out his plan of cutting the other brute's head off. There was a long and drawn battle, in which the dog escaped with enough unsevered neck to live with. Dwinnelle was prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but the jury acquitted him.

A Mississippi River Mate.

The mate of a Mississippi or Missouri river steamer is a tyrant in his way. His chief occupation is to stand and curse and kick his "roustabouts," or deck hands, and the charm of his keeping his place and being known as a "bully mate" depends much upon his ability to do this. A poetical fellow after describing a "bully mate" relates an incident:

One day he said to a roustabout who had onto his back
A four-bushel bag of corn—rather heavy, but it's a fact—
How that he thought his gait wa'n't exactly up to railroad time,
When they got into a controversy—I'll not put in rhyme,
But I'll state thar wa'n't no more corn carried on that boat that day,
For all the crew was occupied in seein' 'em have fair play.

They shook things up lively for the first three-quarter of an hour,
An' rammed their heads right into several barrels of flour.
An' the corn an' things that was spilt around on the lower deck
Made it look as though the boat had struck a snag an' gone to wreck;
An' this yer mate, who hadn't never yit lost a single fight,
Saw that his chances for keepin' out first best in this here one was light.

So when he found he couldn't git away with that thar roustabout,
He begun to get oneasy; then he cussed and hollored out:
"Say, ez you 'uns all goin' to stand round this yer boat an' see
This insubordination? I say, yer stop this mutiny!"
An' that is the moral that I've been tryin' for to paint:
When them mates lick a man it's all right, but when they don't it ain't.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

We were seated in the rector's cozy sitting-room one evening, when the conversation turned upon the disappearance of little Charley Ross.

Having had a long acquaintance with the family, a friend present was describing the sad effect which the terrible calamity had upon the mether; how, as each day came on, she watched agonizingly for tidings. We listened so intently that we did not hear the bell ring, and were surprised by the entrance of my oldest brother, who brought with him Harry Cunningham, the London business man of their firm.

After introductions were over, and we were all seated, the talk drifted over to the old subject, the dear little child so ruthlessly stolen away from home-love and comfort. As we went on, Mr. Cunningham seemed more than usually interested. One and another ventured an opinion, commenting upon various surmises, expressing various doubts and beliefs, when the stranger said, with a smile—

"As long as their is no proof of violence or death, it is better to hope for the best. I knew of a case which I will tell you, where a child was found after nearly twenty years of exile."

Of course we were all attention, and he began on this wise:

"When I was a young man of six-and twenty, and that is nearly as many years ago," he added, with a smile, "I was visiting in the south of England.

"The gentleman at whose house I stayed was a large manufacturer and a very wealthy man. His family consisted of himself and a wife, two sons and a daughter, Edith, who was one of the fairest, sweetest maidens I ever met. To make a long story short, I became very much attached to the young lady, and wanted to win her for my wife.

"Mentioning my aspirations to her father, Mr. Fontleroy, one day, I was equally astonished and disappointed to learn that she was already engaged to be married to a wealthy young barrister, then in London, pursuing his profession.

"We sat by a fine old bay-window covered with clinging vines, and outside of which glimpses of a garden, royal with Provence-roses and other beautiful flowers, could be seen. The clean, white paths winding from sight, the rich, short verdure, the mounds, statues, fountains and brightly colored shrubs made the outlook a paradise to my beauty-loving eye. Mr. Fontleroy had relapsed into a grave thoughtfulness. For a long time he did not speak, and then he said impulsively—

"'If only Edith's sister were here!'

"'Edith's sister! I understood that Edith was an only daughter,' I said.

"'She is, to all intents and purposes, he answered, throwing off his melancholy manner; 'but somewhere in this wide world Edith has a sister, a twin. I cannot make her dead,' he added. 'Always I bear about me the impression that she is still alive, and so does Edith.

"'It seems but yesterday,' he said, pointing out towards the lovely view, 'that Edith and her twin-sister were playing out there among the shrubs. I had been watching them coming and going, had laughed to myself to hear their innocent mirth, and for a few moments had gone into a light sleep. When I opened my eyes, not long after, little Edy stood here at the window with a white, scared face.

"'"Papa," she said, "papa, wake up and go after Alice."

"'"Where is Alice?" I asked, drowsily.

"'"The red woman took her; the red woman ran away, and Alice never cried; she was under her cloak."

"'I sprang to my feet,' continued Mr. Fontleroy, 'half startled and half amused. It must be some trick of my wild cousin, who was then staying at the house, and often teased the children beyond their patience. But alas! there was no trick; from that hour to this I have never seen my child.

"'For years we were on the search. I have offered rewards times without number. Children of all sizes and ages have been brought here. I have been summoned to London a dozen times a year, but I have never found any trace of my poor little Alice.'

"'How long ago was that?' I asked.

"'The children were just turned four; it was seventeen years,' he answered.

"The story produced a strong impression upon me, but I wondered at his still sanguine expectation of finding his 'little girl,' as he called her.

"Six months from that day Mr. Fontleroy accompanied me back to America. I never saw a more delighted traveler. His enthusiasm over our institutions was boundless. He was very anxious to visit Washington, and we spent nearly a month in that city.

"On the very day we had fixed to return to New York, a

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editer.

Centre Hall, Pa., Nov. 19, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Gen. Butler thinks somebody has "gone back on him," and he promises to use his cat-o-nine-tails. It is reported from Boston that he is preparing for publication a review of the causes of his late defeat. He claims that he was betrayed by men professing to be his friends, and promises uncomfortable revelations. He threatens to form a new party in Masschusetts.

Mourning paper is in demand now—radicals use it for doing up their Salt River correspandence.

During the recent election the salary-grab congressmen, that were running for re-election, got particular fits—they were nearly all defeated. That's the way to serve such fellows.

Had Pennsylvania been districted in favor of the democrats as much as it was in favor of the radicals, we have not the least doubt that the entire congressional delegation from this state would have been democratic. With the districts against us we carried 17 against 11.

The prominent candidates for U. S. Senator are Jeremiah S. Black, C. R. Buckalew, Wm. A. Wallace, and Hiester Clymer. Mr. Wallace, it would seem, stands the best chance for the position. There certainly is none more deserving, in the state, he has done more active service, in the last 12 years, than any democrat that can be named, besides he has the ability and is a man of the strictest honor and integrity. The other gentlemen are all good and able men, and either one will be an honor to our state.

It behoves the Democratic members to confer offices now only upon first class men—first class for ability, integrity and character—men free from cliques and railroad connections—men who will scorn association with borers or roosters—men who have the interests of the Democratic party at heart, and who are both able and willing to devote themselves to advancing them. If the Democratic members should unexpectedly and unfortunately elect any other than such they ought to be branded as traitors to the cause.

The above is from Diffenbach's paper and we endorse it. Already a little army of place-seekers has appeared to pester the democracy.

There must be no incompetents or roosters appointed, shove them aside and take men known for their honesty. This will bring to our ranks the upright men of other parties, while discarded ringsters will leave it as rats do a sinking ship. The democrats must elect an honest and capable man as speaker; no thief and juggler dare be elected as chief clerk; they must cut down the number of officers about the capitol, there are too many who do nothing but draw salaries. These are some of the changes indicated by the people in the recent elections. Let the democracy obey that voice and the party will live.

Capt. Morrison.

The result of the election in this county, with its largely increased majorities, speaks that the campaign was a well managed one, by our chairman, Captain John H. Morrison. The captain is a veteran in the service, and having spent his life in the democratic camp in this county, his experience and the earnest he infused into the rank and file, contributed largely to our grand success. The captain filled the same post several times, about a quarter of a century ago, and all of his campaigns proved highly successful. Mr. Morrison served the party with fidelity, and never swerved in his loyalty to it. May he be spared to see the democracy in full power, in state and nation.

Prophesies.

The leaders and organs of the republican party prophesied that if the democrats obtained power, they would do some awful things, among which would be,

1st, Payment of the debt of the rebel states.
2nd, Repudiate the national debt.
3rd, Re-enslave the freedmen, and
4th, The south would immediately start up the rebellion again.

Now some of this talk we frequently heard from radical lips in Centre county, we read it in radical organs from all parts of the country, and heard their stump orators make the silly declarations at their meetings, and many were their people who permitted themselves to believe it. The democracy, and all common sensed men knew this was all idle trash, as the Constitution of the United States as well as the Constitutions of the southern states forbid the payment of the rebel debt and cut off the repudiation of the national debt as well as the re-enslavement or enslavement of the African or any other race.

As the democracy have swept everything from cape Cod to the Gulf of Mexico, these radical prophesies and buggaboos will explode of themselves, and the old women who were led to believe them, will find that they were simply fooled by their leaders, in order to keep the radicals from loosing power.

They think now they have found Charlie Ross in West Virginia. A man and woman traveling on foot left a lad resembling Charlie Ross with a family near Barboursville.

Fatty Smith, a Philadelphia politician, died suddenly, of paralysis, this other day.

MANHATTAN CLUB.

The leaders of the Democracy of the city of New York met for rejoicing at Manhattan Club, on Thursday morning, where speeches were made, letters and telegrams read from all parts of the country. Gov. Tilden of course delivered the speech of the occasion, advising moderation and complimenting the Republicans who joined hands in securing the glorious result. We can only make room for his opening remarks. He said:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The victory which we have lately achieved in the State of New York is not a personal victory. No party, no class of men, can appropriate the beneficent results of that victory. Like the dews of heaven they will fall upon all the people. [Applause.] Many Republicans have voted with us, and if we are wise in our cause. [Applause] Many thousands of Republicans who had not the moral courage to break from their party ties slept more tranquilly upon their pillows when they heard of our success. They felt a sense of relief which they could not completely understand; they felt new hope dawn upon them for their own personal prosperity, and for the redemption and protection of the free institutions of our country. [Applause.] Let us, then in this hour of our congratulation, be magnanimous to those over whom we have achieved this triumph. Let us remember, as Democrats, here to-night what the administration of General Grant seems never to have known, that the party which is invested with the power of the government, although it will be governed by its own convictions of right in its public measures, after all holds and exercises a trust for the people of the whole country. [Applause.] The masters of political science who framed our government predicted that if ever we fell into civil war our free Republican representative system of Government would be deeply imperilled if not absolutely destroyed. They had learned from history how dangerous to Republican government are great wars, how apt they are to engender systems of administration fatal to republics. And yet, when in the course of events we found our Government involved in a war, an internal and civil war, even those of us who had presented to our minds these great dangers felt it to be our duty to give victory in that contest to our own Government. We felt that the perils to liberty in a successful war for secession were greater than the perils to liberty in a successful war for the Union. We felt that the questions of difference between the two sections of the country if they could not be settled within the Union in peace could not be settled outside of the Union without war; and we felt that a separation would involve other and new questions of far greater diniculty of which war would be the result and the sole alternative; and that as much as we might deplore it, much as we had sought to avert it, there was no alternative but the arbitrament of force to solve these questions.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The recent political revolution is so colossal and astounding that people cannot fully comprehend its magnitude till they withdraw their gase from the whole and look at it in some of its more significant particulars.

In 1872 the States of Massachusetts, NewYork, New Jersey, Pennsylvania Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, which extend in an unbroken line from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river, and every one of which Grant carried, gave him an aggregate majority of 397,000.

This fall these seven States have all gone against Grant by an aggregate majority of 133,000.

The history of politics in all the free states of the world does not furnish a parallel for so great a change as this.

In the present House of Representatives, elected two years ago, Grant secured a majority of one hundred and two. The elections of this fall show that in the next Hous there will be an anti-Grant majority of seventy-five at the least.

In no election in the country heretofore has there been so great a change from one Congress to its immediate successor as now.

It is by the light of such facts as these that we can gauge the dimensions of the crushing disaster which has overtaken Grant's Administration.

ANOTHER GREAT CHURCH CONGRESS.

London, Nov. 5.—The chief authorities of the Church have decided to hold the great International Catholic Congress in London, with the object of maintaining the doctrine of the Papel infallibility, reaserting the Pope's right to temporal as well as spiritual power, and proclaiming it the bounden duty of all Christians to return to allegiance to Rome. It is stated this determination is the result of direct instructions from the Vatican, and some of the highest dignitaries of the Church will attend the Congress. Archbishop Manning, in a speech at Westminster, admitted that the spiritual influence of the Pope had greatly increased since the loss of his temporalities. If arbitration was ever to supersede war the Pope would be the only authorized arbitrator. The Catholic world was threatened with a controversy on the decrees of the Œcumenical Cou ncil. There was undoubtedly approaching one of the mightiest contests the religious world had ever seen; therefore it was necessary to fearlessly assert through the free press of England the Pope's rights, and his pretensions to world-wide allegiance.

"What will become of the negroes now that the Democrats are coming into power?" is a conundrum often asked nowadays by Radical demagogues and the editors of what were lately Grant Administration organs. Well we venture to say that the negroes will fare better under the administration of the next Democratic President, whoever he may be, than they have fared since the inauguration of General Grant in 1869. The Democrats may promise less to the colored race, but they will give them more real benefits than the Radicals have given them. We shall not be surprised if in 1876 two-thirds of the negro voters in the South are found supporting the regular Democratic nominations.

Memphis, November 10.—Passengers from Little Rock to-day report that two horse thieves caught in the act of stealing were shot and killed at Brinkley, Arkansas, last night.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 10.—Snow storms have completely blocked the roads in several mining districts. Winter business is very discouraging.

—In this issue will be found the official election returns of the state, the three districts, and the county. It may be well to preserve this paper for reference.

SALT RIVER LETTER, FROM BEN. BUTLER

SPOONVILLE, Salt River, }
Nov. 15, '74 }

EDITOR OF THE REPORTER.—Here I am not in all my glory, as before the 3rd, but in all my misery. I could stand it better, but the saloon keepers in our party are a mean set, they mix their whiskey with salt water, and I am never out of the grips. I am not passing here for what I really am—for down in the states, I was generally hailed as "Gen. Butler" sometimes familiarly as "Ben Butler," but now they simply say, "Hello, old Cockeye, won't you take a little." This sets pretty hard upon me; and yet I dare not resent it, but must laugh, as though I enjoyed it like the crowd. One fellow even had the brass to say, just a few moments ago, "Now, Spooney, this time you're, got to set em up." One infernal carpet bagger, whom I helped to office in Louisiana, now keeps a bar here. I went in for my bitters the other morning, says he, "how'll you take it, in a spoon?" That was too much for the man that dug the Dutch Gap canal, I doubled a fist and brought the claret from his smeller, and says to him, "how'll you take that?" These things make me yearn for the days when I bossed down at New Orleans, and when no one would dare say "spoons" to me, for I managed to own 'em all—but now none is mean enough to do me reverence. They have one kind of grog here that won't go down at all even with our worst benzine guzzlers, it is called "Third term whiskey," and as we expect old Ulysses up here before long, the stuff has been set aside for him, for I heard him swear one day he could drink anything between tanglefoot and aqua fortis and could smack his lips and say it's good. So he can—he beats anything on a smoke and a drink between Turkey and Halifax.

We are all sick, the third of November disease sets hard upon us. Some of us are much inflated and some have contraction, and feel like—not consumption — but resumption. Those ills I heard of down there, inflation, contraction and resumption, and I often heard our fellows talk about them in congress, and none of 'em understood them right, but I know now, it has knocked us republicans higher'n a kite, and we can't just see where we are going to land, you see Kurtz, we dont know the remedy.

The most forlorn set I met, was a little party, who told me they were from Centre county—they said they had supported the "people's candidate" for congress—I didn't like the looks or smell of 'em, so I retreated back to a camp of American citizens of African 'scent for a little fresh air. Nobody up here will have anything to do with them, they have not even been asked to take a smile from the Third Term keg. Who are they? Did they go back on anybody down there; did they do anything they need be ashamed of? We all suspect it, by their looks, hence we give them a wide berth.

Tell President Grant that I want him to put in his best licks now, and look out for No. 1. Our time is up and we, like all dogs, have had our day. Tell him to stick to his extra salary, and to accept all the cigars, pea-nuts, cheese, benzine, and dog-pups that are offered him, as I see his hour-hand has reached 11.30. He is a gone sucker with the rest of us.

I saw more congressmen and would-be-congressmen, up here, than I ever saw before, and each one has a black eye and blue shins, while I am the only one that wears a cock-eye. They must have gone through some rough handling. Just holler Credit Mobilier at one of 'em and you'll raise his Dutch instanter.

I'm miserable—but there is some consolation in knowing that I've made my mark in the world anyhow—my Dutch Gap canal left its mark in Virginia, and will carry me along in the pages of history like the youth who fired the Grecian temple. Let them call me Old Cockeye, if they please, I have silver spoons enough to dip up all the government pap for the next generation. Yours &c.

O. C. EYE.

ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE ISSUES AN ANTI PAPAL MANIFESTO.

London, November 7.—Hon. Mr. Gladstone has issued an anti-papal manifesto, in which he declares the dogma of papal infallibility to be totally inconsistent with good citizen ship. He says: "The Catholic emancipation act was passed under the belief that the Catholic would give his allegiance to the queen, but it is now known that his first allegiance is to the pope."

The manifesto denies that the pope gains converts among the people. His conversions are among the rich. It says "He may control acres, but cannot control the heart af the poor." The manifesto refers to the religious condition of Ireland, and says; "Under recent legislation all that was due to Ireland has been paid. Hence forth the country will be treated without reference to Catholicism."

The document has caused a great sensation, and is the leading topic in religious circles.

DEATH IN A PULPIT.

A scene was enacted during the services at the Methodist Episcopal Mission Church, Washington ou Sunday, 9th, which will never be forgotten by the witnesses thereto.

The church was thronged as usual for the morning service, which commenced at 11 o,clock, and when the pastor, the Rev. Milton E. Hysore, entered the pulpit he announced to the congregation that he was suffering very much from inflamation of the throat, but proceded at once with his sermon on the subject. "Word of Life." He was about half through his discourse when he suddenly remarked, "Brethern, I feel very sick," and, clapping his right hand to his forehead as if in intense pain, exclaimed, "Jesus, save me, save me now," at the same time staggering backward and falling in a half reclining position on a sofa. Many in the audience rushed forward to assist him, foremost among whom was his wife, who, lifting his head to her shoulder, asked, "Mr. Hysore, do you feel sick?" when he replied, "Yes," and sank back unconscious immediately. His teeth became clenched, and, after dreadful muscular contortions, he breathed his last.

Elmira, November 1.—A young man named Benjamin Haight was shot last night, about two miles from this city, while stealing turkeys from the premises of Edmund Miller. The shooting was done by a son of Mr. Miller. Haight died the next morning.

The body of an infant was found in a cigar-box at the mouth of the Schuylkill river, by the harbor police, on the 27 inst.

POTENT INFLUENCES IN COMMERCE.

App. Journal.

The divinity of progress is sleepless. The magic creatures of inventive genius and the force of pioneer energy have, during the past twenty years especialy, planted over areas of wilderness, and set up infinite hives of population and laboratories of industry the world over. The active instinct of progress—commercial progress—with an elastic policy, coupled with the use of railroads, steamships, telegraphs, labor saving machines, and the general use of bills of exchange, was never more marked nor apparent than at the present time. According to a statistical authority, the eleven leading commercial nations of the globe—namely, Great Britain, United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, and Sweden—have nearly doubled their commerce in less than two decades. The total foreign commerce of these eleven countries, in 1855, was $4,241,700,000; in 1872 the total foreign commerce of these countries was $9,276,000,000 This shows an increase of 118.5 per cent. The population in the same countries in 1855 was 271,443,000; in 1872 it was 311,620,000. Increase in seventeen years, 14.7 per cent. Foreign commerce *per capita* of population, 1855, $15.62; in 1872, $29.75. Increase *per capita* in seventeen years, $14.14, or 90 per cent. The same authority observes that, while these representative nations have been increasing in population faster than the average of the world, the growth of accumulation has exceeded it, but attributed this growth mainly to the application of steam to machinery in various forms, and facilitated the division of labor, and in numerous other ways has made each laborer stand for a greatly enchanced amount of production.

This view of the matter is, we think, a very unsatisfactory one. The rapid increase of production through the rapid growth of machinery and labor-saving implements, no doubt, has much to do with the progress of the commercial world: but there are other considerations entering into the subject, of the most vital character. Take the United States, for instance, with all its unavoidable drawbacks, during the period in question, and let us see what agencies have been employed to bring about this wonderful growth. Our foreign commerce has increased $628,000,000 in seventeen years—over 117 per cent—while in the same time that of England, our rival, has increased but 126 per cent, or 9 per cent. more than that of the United States. Perhaps nowhere in the civilized world are the potent influences in commerce more forcibly felt than in our own country, with its immense diversity of interests and various industry. And it is this diversified industry, independent of labor-saving agencies, that constitutes genuine progress in commerce, and at the same time is an insurance against calamities. Agriculture, mining, mechanical and manufacturing arts, govern each other's respective development; their prosperity is interlinked, and their fate, in diminution and decay, are inseparably connected. This law was distinctly announced twenty-five hundred years ago by Xenophon and it is the absence of this law that causes periods of national depression, and even famine, as in India at the present, for instance, which has worked out this theory or problem to a demonstration. In her happier days her industries were diversified in advance of all the world; but, for reasons apparent to those who are familiar with the history of that country during the past fifty years, the motives to industry there have been destroyed—it has become the burying place of millions who die upon its fertile bosom crying for bread?

The principles upon which commercial business is conducted are the same now as they were when its use of bills of exchange came into vogue, but steam and the telegraph have developed that application. Time and space are annihilated, wealth is less concentrated, the markets are equalized, profits are smaller, but money changes hands oftener, and special wants are anticipated. The commercial marine of the world now comprises over 60,000 sailing-vessels, and about 5,500 steamers, the United States ranking second, and France next. One has only to glance at the broadside of the London *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* to obtain a good idea of the potent influence of the mercantile marine in commercial progress. Here may often be seen ten-inch columns filled with advertisements of steamships bound to every quarter of the globe. Then there are the sub-marine cable-lines, connecting continent with continent, and lands with lands. The fifteen sub-marine cable companies have in them invested $100,000,000, and the number of miles of cable is over 60,000. Companies are also forming for the establishment of other lines, connecting London, the great money-market of the world, with every considerable nation and colony. Among others is one for a line from Aden, on the Red Sea, to Mauritius, and thence to Cape Town, South Africa; and one from Mexico to the Feejee Islands, New Caledonia, and Australia. The progress of commerce, as well as the advance of civilization, may be measured by the extension of railway and telegraph lines. Their competitive power is a potent influence, and that influence is demonstrated in the rise end growth of the city of Chicago, the most important railroad centre in the interior of the American Continent, and possessing great commercial power. The mileage of all the railroads of the United States, at the close of 1868, aggregated 42,255; and of the world, in the same year, 109,177. In 1872 the number of miles of railway in the United States was over 72,000. The United States, in this respect, has already reached the average of Europe as to territory. The gross earnings of all our railroads for 1867 amounted to $400,000,000. For 1872 the amount was more than double. Among other potent influences in commerce, the money-markets of the world develop some interesting facts. London is the money and commercial centre, and the capital of that centre, by means of the cables and their radiating lines, controls New York, and New York, in turn, controls the other centres on this continent in all important money affairs and commerce. The domestic trade of the United States last year aggregated $41,054,499,958; the clearing-house exchange of New York alone represented $33,972,773,962 of this sum, while the actual capital employed by the business firms of the country was about $7,000,000,000.

Respecting the wonderful growth of commerce during the past seventeen years, the remarkable fact must not be overlooked that this progress has been made in the land of way-travel of all the white races—on the isothermal belt following the thirtieth and fortieth degrees of latitude; that progressive commerce has been quite effectualy transported from the despotic monopoly of riparian cities to the threshhold, as it were, of every home in city or country. Industrial wit and industrial power, illuminated by science, now characterize the growth of the world's commerce, and involve new political and social questions. A higher standard of moral and intellectual excellence has also contributed to this commercial growth.—*A. J. L.*

GEORGIA.

SENATOR GORDEN'S SPEECH AT ATLANTA.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 6.—Senator Gorden concluded a speech at the great jubilee last night by an appeal for continued prudence and forbearance, which were the Christianity of all politics. He said:

One boon I ask in this hour of your deliverance—I ask you to commission me, in your name, to pledge upon the floor of the Senate your fidelity to the Union under the Constitution: your acquiescence in laws passed in accordance with the Constitution, good and bad, until lawfully repealed; your support of rightful authority; your cordial friendship for every man and men of all sections who will aid in restoring peace to all departments of the Government and Constitution—to its supremacy over Presidents, Congress, parties, and the people. (Loud cheers.) I thank you, my countrymen, for that response. You are as temperate in triumph as you were great in adversity. You cherish malice to none, and are hostile only to thieves, userpers, and tyrants.

GERMANY—THE TRIAL OF KULLMAN.

Berlin, Oct, 29.—The trial of Kullman for attempting to assasinate Bismark began to-day at Wurzburg. The court-room was densely crowded. Forty newspaper correspondents were present. The prisoner's demeanor was very calm. After the formal question had been asked and answered, the indictment against the prisoner was read. The public prosecutor then concluded the opening proceedings by a clear and concise statement of the case, and the examination of Kullman began. He admitted his guilt on all the principal points.

The public prosecutor then said, notwithstanding the prisoner's admission of guilt, it was necessary the full evidence should be submitted to the court. Kullman in reply to interrogatories, stated that while living in Salzwedel he joined the Catholic society. He confessed to previous acts of violence, such as wounding a fellow-workman. He had been in the habit of reading both liberal and reactionary journals; had said Bismark was the worst and madest enemy of the Church. The prisoner avowed himself an Ultramontane and admitted he had uttered threatening expressions such as: "Before I die another must fall," &c. He said he first thought of killing Bismark last Easter. He went to Berlin for that purpose, but was unable to find Bismark's residence until he learned from newspapers that the Prince had gone into the country. He then repaired to Sangerhausen in order to be near at hand, as Bismark had not definitely decided what watering-place to visit. He procured the bullets in Berlin. He often tried his pistol, and recognized the bullets, pistol, and map produced in the court as his property.

The prisoner described circumstantially what occured at the time of the firing in terms identical with those of his indictment. He explained that he fired at the head because he thought it possible that Bismark wore a shirt of mail. After firing the shot he ran in front of the carriage across the road where he remained a moment, when the coachman struck him with his whip. He intended to fly, but was quickly seized. He learned that Bismark was only wounded while he was on the way to prison. He thought he had aimed well, but the victim must have moved at the time. He had the second percussion cap in his hand to use if the first missed fire. He was fully conscious of the gravity of his crime and its consequences, but had made the attempt because he regarded Bismark as the originator of the present religious conflid, even though he might not have believed that the conflict would cease at his death. Now that he had thought more of the matter, he saw plainly he had committed a great crime.

FROM THE BLACK HILLS.

Washington, November 8.—A scientific report received by the war department shows that the Black Hills country is admirably adapted for settlement. It abounds in timber, grass, flowing streams and springs. The soil is of wonderful fertility. No coal has been found, but iron, gypsum and traces of plumbago, and indications of gold in the soil near Harvey's Peak, as well as in quartz bed, in considerable quantities.

On Saturday Judge Sterrett sentenced Rufus Conner and Joseph McClelland, alias McMullen to the Pententiary, the former for twenty years. Conner was certainly born possessed of a considerable share of original sin. At fifteen he was a full blown burglar, and from this time until of age found a retreat in the House of Refuge. After gaining his liberty, he again hardened his neck and took up his old trade. In a few months he was caught and sent to the Pententiary for ten years. By good conduct he succeeded in shortening his term two years and was released last summer, only to get another term of twenty-three years. Thus although under thirty years he has already spent thirteen years, (almost half of his life) in confinment, with twenty-three years more staring him in the face. McMullen is also a five year pupil of Warden Wright's.—*Pittsburg Post.*

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER

The Rev. R. S. MacArthur preached at the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, on Sabbath morning. He took for his text Psalms xxxvi., 11: "Unite my heart to fear Thy name." This, he said, is a short but comprehensive prayer. Uttered long ago, it is appropriate still. Beautiful in thought, it is also poetic in form. Like a strain of sweet music it has lingered for years in my mind. It has often molded my thinking and controlled my living. First, let us look at its meaning. Careless readers may fail to catch its significance. There is here a recognition of the truth that men ought to love God with all the heart, and also a recognition of the sad fact that men do not so love Him. The idea is that our hearts are distracted, that our affections are set upon various objects, and the prayer is that they may be united in loving and fearing God. The Apostle James tells us that "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." By double-minded he means a man who has two souls, two wills, two hearts—one for God and one for the world. In the 12th Psalm we have again the phrase "a double heart." The literal rendering of the Hebrew is "with a heart and a heart." So in another place we read of "fifty thousand who could keep rank. They were not of double heart." The meaning here, too, is "who were not of a heart and a heart." These soldiers of David had but one purpose—the honor of their king and the triumph of their arms. The man with "a heart and a heart" strives to serve God and Mammon. Such service is impossible. The heart was made by God, and for Him. As an Æolian harp gives forth melody when the wind passes through it, so the heart should breathe out its responses of love and obedience when the breath of God comes to it in entreaty or command. But the sad truth must be acknowledged—the heart is out of tune. An unskillful or a malicious player has dared to interfere with God's instrument. Some of its chords are drawn too tightly; some are slackened unduly; some are broken entirely. Now, if by the strings of this instrument we understand the faculties of the soul, the idea of the text will appear plain. By these faculties we mean memory, reason, taste, imagination, conscience. Let an unconverted man examine these, and he will recognize the necessity of offering the prayer, "Unite my heart to fear Thy name." How is it with memory? Do you prefer to remember those truths which would lead you to love and obey God? or do you not remember the vile oath, the impure thought, and the devilish suggestion longer than the sermon, the hymn, or the prayer? Question your reason. What is its testimony? It too often prevents the truth, making the worse appear the better reason. So of taste and imagination in literature, art, and religion. The bad is selected, the good is discarded. Amid these perverted faculties conscience stands like a moral policeman. It is true that some men have learned the secret of city rogues; they either drug or fee the officers. Then their hearts may be for a time united; but it is a union with death. There may for a little time be peace, but it is the peace of the grave. There may be a compact, but it is a league with hell. Conscience lifts its warning voice and summons all the other faculties to lay down their weapons, cease strife, and march in line to the throne of the King, seeking His gracious pardon. Rebellion on our part does not abrogate the claims of Christ. He should sit on the throne of the heart. Conscience thunders "yes;" pride and passion says "no." Such is the conflict in every unrenewed hearth. Is the picture correct? Do you feel well-nigh helpless in this warfare? Then put up the prayer, "Unite my heart to fear Thy name," and by a blessed experience you will learn the meaning of this text.

Secondly, we shall speak of the reasons for offering this prayer. We mention three, and begin with the lowest—a proper regard for our own happiness would lead us so to pray. God has given each of us the instinct of self-love, and the desire to seek our own happiness. He takes no pleasure in our sufferings, either here or hereafter. Now, no man can be happy while his desires and affections are at war with one another. While Bunyan remained in the City of Destruction, after he became aware that it was such a city, he was miserable indeed. Actual imprisonment of the body in Bedford jail was better far than this awful destruction of the soul. When God burned into the heart of Carey a sense of his duty in preaching the gospel to the heathen, it became impossible for him to be happy until he did that duty. Good, pious conversation might say to him, "Young man, sit down; if the Lord wants to convert the heathen he will do it without your help." But Carey's desire was as fire in his bones; with such feelings a desire for his own happiness, if there were no higher motive, would compel him to go. For it is always true that in the end, the path of duty is the path of joy. Are there not some present now who are the victims of this distraction of thought—dissatisfied with the world, but not reconciled to God through Christ? Now, let me appeal for once to your self-love. It is a low motive, I know; but let even that be the means of urging you to decide for God. Give up the foolish, the wicked contest. Ground your arms. Touch the outstretched scepter of mercy. Acquaint yourselves now with God, and be forever at peace. The second reason why you should thus pray is the desire to be useful in Christ's service. It is a trite remark among business and professional men, that to be eminently successful in any pursuit a man's heart must be in it. A half-hearted man is a failure anywhere and everywhere. You would not give much for a young man in your employ who had no interest in your prosperity, and no enthusiasm in his profession. If you expected him ever to accomplish anything for himself, and ever to be worth anything to you, you would say to him, "Young man, unite your heart in my work." It has recently been discovered that the clerks in one of the Stock Exchanges in London were carrying on among themselves, and for their own interests, separate transactions. They had their own books, officers, and times and places of meeting. The rumor is that they are all to be discharged. They were half-hearted in the service of their employers. They were drawn hither by self-interest, and thither by the interests of their employers. Such clerks business men do not want in their service. Neither will God share the heart with man or devil. A bank President was congratulated on his success; he replied that his secret was in taking his bank to bed with him. We all understand his meaning—his whole heart was in his work. We have referred to David's army—the "fifty thousand who were not of a heart and a heart." This is a proud eulogy. They had no personal ends to serve. They believed in God; they rejoiced in David; they were determined to cleave a way for him to the throne. Their hearts were united. Let love of liberty unite the hearts of Englishmen; put the invincible Cromwell at their head, and the ends of the earth shall shake under their mighty tread. Let love of glory inflame the minds and unite the hearts of France, and Napoleon will illumine the darkness of the night with the fires of battle and cloud the sun of noonday with the smoke of conflict. I might stir your enthusiasm by enumerating victories nearer home. Some of you of the North, and some of you of the South, won victories on the gory field. This was the secret of Paul's life, "This one thing I do." Every faculty of his soul was brought into subjection to the will of Christ. This is the secret of the success of all the men whose names are immortal.

It is with churches as with individuals. Fifty men, loyal to God and true to the souls of men, working with one heart, will accomplish more than 500 average church members. With such a force behind him, and God above him, a pastor might soon take this great city for Christ. O for the warcry again go out as at the battle of Jegreel, by the "spring of trembling"—"Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." What if there should return of the people "twenty and two thousand"? Better ten thousand with one heart than thirty-two thousand "with a heart and a heart." The cowards are now gone, but "the people are yet too many." Another test must be applied. The self-indulgent, as well as the cowardly, must be removed. Those who rushed headlong to quench their thirst are therefore rejected; but those who exercised self-restaint, marching to battle while they lapped the water, were selected. Poor Gideon! All are gone but three hundred. Happy Gideon! For the Lord said, "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go, every man unto his place. The cry goes out, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The enemy is overthrown; terrible is the slaughter. And over the Jordan went Gideon and his brave three hundred, "faint yet pursuing." Three hundred men with united hearts were better than thirty-two thousand "with a heart and a heart." The Church needs the lesson. Her half-hearted disciples hinder her progress. They are the vampires that suck her life blood, while they lull her to sleep with their fanning wing. These principles apply to denominational life. Men who are half-hearted in holding the characteristic truths of their denomination injure its progress. The Episcopal denomination is stronger because of the absence of the party that went out with Bishop Cummins than it could possibly be with their presence. So soon as that party was not of them, just so soon should they go out from them. There is a law of denominational gravitation, must be obeyed or the most injurious consequences will follow. The events of the past few weeks in our own denomination show the importance of this law. Men should be "let go that they may join their own company." Those who are true will remain. They will march on to victory. Perhaps sometimes "faint," but always "pursuing." As faithful disciples of a greater than Gideon, they will go on "conquering and to conquer." As Christians, in your denominational and individual life, you will be happy in yourselves and useful to others in proportion as you daily offer this prayer: "Unite my heart to fear Thy name." Do not attempt to serve God and at the same time love yourselves supremely. Do not attempt to cherish the Christian's hope while you refuse to render the Christian's obedience. Do not strive to be a Christian and refuse publicly to confess Christ in his appointed ordinance of baptism. Be true to yourselves and to your God, and you will be both happy and useful. The last reason for offering this prayer is that the honor and command of God demand that we give Him a united heart. These three reasons, you will perceive, are related. The last includes the others. For if we give Christ our united heart, all other blessings will follow. God made us to love Him with the whole heart. That command is a summary of all commands. The heart was made to find its highest joy only when reposing on the bosom of its God. Every thought, emotion, and desire should be in subjection to the will of Christ. Such a state of feeling is the pledge and foretaste of Heaven. We speak of Heaven as a place of music, because music is our highest conception of harmony. In proportion as this divine harmony is in the soul now, in that proportion is Heaven in the soul now. Gaze then upon the crucified One. "Look and live." So lovely and loving is Jesus that even those of us who gave Him our hearts in the morning of life and the dew of youth can say in the simple, tender, and emotive utterances of Augustine: "Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I loved Thee!" With a greater than Augustine we can pray, "Unite my heart to fear Thy name," and with a greater than David, "Not my will, but Thine be done,"

Fall Opening of Bonnets, Trimmings, Millinery, at

MISS LUCY DEININGER'S,
IN CENTRE HALL,

who has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of New Bonnets, New Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. Oct 29 4t.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE:—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the duplicate of School-tax for the present year is in the hands of the undersigned. All such tax paid on or before December 1st 1874, will have an abatement of 5 per cent. Thirty days after said date there will be no abatement, and on all such tax remaining unpaid after January 1, 1875, there will be an addition of 5 per cent to the amount on duplicate, as prescribed by law.

S. M. SWARTZ, Treas.
10 Sept 3 m.

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c. &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes.

Trusses & Supporters in great variety. Also, choice CIGARS AND TOBACCO, and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!

EZRA KRUMBINE,

respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bough t out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may16

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware

CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
marl5 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.
LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
my8-1y. A. W. GRAFF.

C. PECK'S New Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW P

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY NOV. 19, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Rain on Tuesday last.

——Judge Orvis is holding court at Lewisburg this week.

——Rev. Miller's two new houses are under way.

——A party of hunters from Boalsburg last week took six deer out of the Seven Mountains.

——Eman. M'Cool, of Spring Mills, while at work with a clover-huller, at J. S Keller's near here, on Wednesday morning, had his left hand caught by the machine, and some of his fingers badly lacerated.

——The house, lot, smithshop, of Philip Musser, dec'd in Gregg, will be offered at public sale, Dec. 19. See adv.

☞Persons owing school tax, are notified that the Treasurer, S. M. Swartz, will be at Centre Hall, Monday, Nov. 23, and at Potters Mills, the following Wednesday, 25 Nov., to receive tax, the time fix 5 per cent expiring on the last of November.

——James Maxwell has been appointed postmaster at Langdon, this county.

——There are some persons across the valley who evidently are fond of sweet things. Our friend John R shel, writes us, date Sinking Creek Mills, Nov. 16—Last night I had some visitors who have a taste for sweets—they tried to rob my bees. Similar attempts were made at several other places some time ago Mr. Rishel thinks the fellows must be some who want the honey to sweeten their sour trip up Salt River. The penalty for this kind of thieft is same as for other larcenies.

——A Brushvalley correspondent informs us that John Calvin Morris recently shot a white deer, and that he since also shot a spotted one—and is proud of his achievements. Calvin must be a Nimrod.

——Here it is, housekeepers—no more trouble to make hard or soft soap—just go to Miller's drug store and get a ball of Babbit's Concentrated Potash, and you are all right. You can also see there a specimen of the soap made here from it. Get it before it is all sold.

——The farm of Andrew Stover, dec'd, of Haines twp., was purchased by Joseph Jordan, of Aaronsburg, at $70 per acre.

——At Welch's, next door to 1st Nat. Bank, Bellefonte, is just the place to go to for holiday presents. He has the largest variety this side of Philadelphia, and anything suitable for old and young, ladies and gentlemen His store is a perfect museum.

——We call the attention of the reader to the prospectus of the Pittsburg Post. The Post is one of our favorite journals, and a staunch Democratic organ, It is ably edited, and always has a freshness about it, which makes it a favorite The Weekly is one of the best in the state.

——J. O. Deininger has laid down a substantial board walk in front of his premises. Let those above and below follow his example. We would here remind persons before whose premises the walk needs repairing, that they can be held responsible for all accidents resulting from such negligence. 25 cents will patch up some of these holes while an accident may cost them from $5 to $500.

——Mr. Wm. Wolf and lady, while on their way home from Milroy, on last Thursday night, met with an accident which might have proven much more serious than it did. The horse, hitched in a carriage, in turning from the upper to the lower part of the pike, between Centre Hill and Judge Hosterman's, came too near the bank, causing the carriage to upset, and the horse started off, dragging them a short distance, when the single-tree broke, and he left the vehicle behind. Mrs. Wolf sustained some severe cuts and bruises about the face and Mr. Wolf also received some bruises. Had the horse not become free from the carriage as soon as he did, the result no doubt would have been very serious.

——The Evangelical church of this place will be supplied with a steel bell, in a short time, weighing with mounting 750 pounds.

——John Spangler has sold his stage route and equipment, between Laurelton and Centre Hall, to George Miller, of Woodward.

——Prof. Wm. T. Meyer intends remaining at Aaronsburg, the coming winter, and will devote his entire time to teaching vocal and instrumental music. Special arrangements have been made to accommodate scholars from a distance. Mr. Meyer is a thorough teacher in all the branches of music, and pupils under his care will have all the advantages of instructions that can be obtained at a regular music school. He will give special attention to persons wishing to prepare themselves for teaching music. For terms, &c., see circular.

Humors of the Election.

Of all the sad words by tongue or pen, the saddest are these "It might have *Ben*"?

Hooray for ——— ! Well, Hooray for Jones! we must "Hooray" for somebody, said a boo-hoo-zy radical the other night.

If any man dare say "Third term" after this "shoot him on the spot."

It was a severe storm after all—only a few constables and aldermen saved from the wreck.

There is food for thought in the late election returns, though it must be confessed some people can't make much of a meal off of them.

One of the most exhilarating sights in the world is to see a newspaper collector dunning an unsuccessful candidate for his advertising bill. Eh, Boo-hoo-zer?

——Godey, always up to time, is here already for December—and a fine number it is. It is embellished in the highest style of the art, fashion plates not to be excelled, and its pages all entertaining. Get the Book, ladies for 1875. Price $3.15 per year with a fine chromo, and postage paid one year.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

☞Any one wishing to trade a good one horse sleigh on corn, will apply to W. A. Cury, at Centre Hall. 22 Oct 4t.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDDOMINAL SUPPORTER offereedto the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all metal of other Instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia, Prolapsus Uteri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incurring Spinal Disease or Paralysis, often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER &SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agents Aug 27 3m

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned is the bona fide owner of the following property, now in the possession of Daniel Horner: All the Crops on the premises, all the live stock, 1 hayrake, 1 broadwheel wagon, 1 harrow, and 1 plow, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure. All persons are therefore cautioned against meddling with the same. Nov. 12. GEO. DURST.

Centre County Election. November 3rd, 1874.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF CENTRE COUNTY FOR 1872.

1874. BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Lieut Gov. Olmsted, R.	Lieut Gov. Latta, D.	Auditor Gen. Aiken, R.	Auditor Gen. Temple, D.	Sec'y Inter. Affairs Beath, R.	Sec'y Inter. Affairs M'Candless, D.	Sup. Jud. Paxson, R.	Sup. Jud. Woodward, D.	Add. law Judg. McEnally, R.	Add. law Judg. Orvis, D.	Congress Alexander, R.	Congress Mackey, D.	Senator M'Cormick, R.	Senator Wilson, D.	Assembly Boozer, R.	Assembly ———	Assembly Shugert, D.	Assembly Witt, D.	Dist. Att'y Love, R.	Dist. Att'y Spangler, D.	Com'r Rose, R.	Com'r Hall, D.
Haftranft. Buckalew.																						
92 53...																						
115 106... Bellefonte { W. Ward.	56	39	56	39	55	40	55	40	68	27	81	14	55	40	57		40	43	58	36	54	39
{ S. Ward.	82	118	82	118	74	125	77	114	101	86	150	44	87	113	80		116	129	94	113	83	116
{ N. Ward.	144	82	144	81	142	84	143	81	139	86	180	45	140	80	145		106	78	144	81	144	83
100 86... Milesburg Borough	54	48	54	48	53	49	52	47	87	17	88	19	60	18	60		48	47	49	48	60	46
45 22... Unionville Borough	38	25	38	25	38	25	37	24	37	25	38	24	39	25	39		24	24	40	24	38	26
37 34... Howard Borough	38	37	38	37	38	37	38	36	29	45	32	38	40	36	40		36	36	38	39	84	45
168 119... Philipsburg Borough	94	107	95	106	95	106	95	105	99	102	81	102	90	107	92		105	106	90	107	91	106
242 128... Boggs	109	107	109	107	108	108	109	107	134	78	116	95	113	81	112		108	108	112	106	112	100
106 170... Benner	78	132	78	132	72	138	80	131	112	96	159	52	90	122	78		134	135	78	135	77	136
46 32... Burnside	26	25	26	25	25	26	26	26	25	27	52	———	25	22	26		26	26	25	26	25	26
58 36... Curtin	26	30	25	36	25	36	26	36	11	48	23	35	26	34	25		35	35	24	36	25	36
157 227... Ferguson	99	154	99	154	98	155	99	154	97	151	120	132	102	148	96		154	151	94	158	98	154
67 281... Gregg	44	208	44	208	44	208	43	208	47	108	42	204	44	209	48		208	197	50	203	45	207
103 195... Haines	62	163	62	163	62	163	60	164	60	159	51	166	62	164	62		162	161	62	164	62	164
82 44... Halfmoon	76	43	77	42	77	42	78	39	76	40	71	41	72	40	75		44	45	81	37	79	43
245 174... Harris	185	148	185	148	185	148	185	148	181	149	186	138	183	149	180		146	142	191	141	183	145
100 66... Howard	49	49	49	49	48	48	49	49	46	50	45	48	62	49	49		50	48	50	47	49	49
119 53... Huston	67	28	67	28	67	28	67	29	72	21	72	19	68	29	68		29	29	67	29	68	29
137 59... Liberty	77	44	77	44	77	44	77	43	63	56	58	50	76	45	74		49	45	75	45	75	46
84 89... Marion	28	70	28	70	28	70	27	71	28	69	31	65	28	70	29		68	62	31	66	27	71
58 251... Miles	40	249	40	249	40	249	39	248	28	249	66	222	38	249	52		248	219	34	254	36	251
100 54... Patton	70	42	70	42	69	43	71	41	28	69	31	65	28	70	29		68	62	31	66	27	71
36 202... Penn	28	237	28	237	28	236	28	235	28	226	16	241	28	238	31		242	209	27	233	28	238
135 378... Potter	117	307	117	307	116	308	117	305	115	298	141	275	118	309	129		295	309	97	326	121	306
120 139... Rush	23	88	23	88	23	88	23	89		89	25	89	24	87	24		87	87	24	87	24	87
100 102... Snow Shoe	54	91	54	91	53	91	56	89	61	85	77	66	55	89	55		90	89	54	90	55	89
145 145... Spring	127	120	127	120	122	133	137	120	157	94	201	55	136	120	132		125	128	134	125	133	126
48 40... Taylor	28	58	28	58	28	58	27	59	27	59	62	1	28	58	26		42	58	29	58	28	58
113 65... Union	85	58	85	58	83	58	86	58	87	57	94	53	85	58	85		58	58	86	57	86	58
113 193... Walker	59	134	59	134	59	134	59	134	59	134	50	137	59	134	59		134	133	60	132	59	134
73 58... Worth	56	57	56	57	56	57	55	58	59	54	47	63	55	58	55		57	57	54	58	56	57
3292 3712... Total	2118	3083	2119	3098	2090	3115	2120	3065	2250	2889	2588	2596	2167	3068	2162		3095	3014	2113	3081	2120	3096
Buckalew's Majority 420... Majorities		965		971		1025		945		639		3		846			933	852		968		976

PENNSYLVANIA OFFICIAL, 1874.

	Olmsted R.	Latta, D
Adams	2569	3004
Alleghany	13089	15704
Armstrong	2858	3525
Beaver	2877	2480
Bedford	2924	2859
Berks	5299	10610
Blair	3390	3226
Bradford	5519	4264
Bucks	6153	6314
Butler	4123	3698
Cambria	2238	3379
Cameron	179	449
Carbon	2060	2480
Centre	2118	3083
Chester	6152	4554
Clarion	1954	3254
Clearfield	1582	3065
Clinton	1481	2456
Columbia	1729	2956
Crawford	4821	4724
Cumberland	3683	4378
Dauphin	5398	4197
Delaware	3599	2207
Elk	464	1127
Erie	5087	4612
Fayette	3111	3714
Forest	367	328
Franklin	3639	3913
Fulton	700	1019
Greene	1469	2093
Huntingdon	2899	2888
Indiana	3090	1694
Jefferson	2048	2164
Juniata	1029	1536
Lancaster	10538	6171
Lawrence	2781	1322
Lebanon	3239	2293
Lehigh	4087	5813
Luzerne	9681	10312
Lycoming	3533	4495
M'Kean	915	918
Mercer	4276	3845
Mifflin	1383	1540
Monroe	508	2007
Montgomery	7390	7803
Montour	875	1455
Northampton	3921	6891
Northumberland	3263	3547
Perry	2279	2424
Philadelphia	59850	46887
Pike	238	1030
Potter	1520	940
Schuylkill	7517	9184
Snyder	1452	1087
Summerset	2886	1627
Sullivan	422	820
Susquehanna	3425	2769
Tioga	3614	1038
Union	1857	1176
Venango	3281	3266
Warren	2306	1960
Washington	4252	4806
Wayne	2236	2493
Westmoreland	8916	5799
Wyoming	1489	1627
York	4083	7111
Total	272,516	277,195
		272,516
Majority		4,679
Temperance vote		4,028
Total vote in 1873		404,264
" " " 1874		554,399

The following is the official vote for Auditor-General and Secretary of Internal Affairs:

AUDITOR GENERAL.

Temple	276,601
Allen	272,426
Temple's majority	4,075

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

McCandless	276,925
Beath	272,208
McCandless's majority	4,717

Judicial District.

The following is the official vote in this judicial district for Add. Law Judge:

	Orvis.	M'Enalley.
Centre	2889	2250
Clinton	2465	1896
Clearfield	2997	1816
Total	8081	5507
Orvis' majority	2574	

20 Congressional District.

The following is the official vote:

	Mackey.	Alexander.
Centre	3556	2553
Clinton	2908	899
Clearfield	2854	1640
Mifflin	1983	1483
Union	1220	1776
Elk	1190	835
Total	12,140	8677
Mackey's majority	3464	

Senatorial District.

The following is the official vote in this senatorial district

	Wallace.	M'Cormick.
Centre	3068	2157
Clinton	2417	1493
Clearfield	2985	1510
Total	8355	5160
Wallace's majority	3189	

NEGRO BRUTE KILLED.

Memphis, November 6.—Parties from Osceola, Arkansas, state that early yesterday morning Jack Phillips, negro outraged the wife of a planter near there. From the treatment she received she will probably die. The negro was arrested and brought to Osceola, where the citizens both black and whites improvised the court and after hearing the evidence took the prisoner out and shot him dead.

PREPARING FOR A POSSIBLE WAR.

Paris, November 6.—Great activity is now observable in all the military departments of France, in observance of the recent government decree ordering an increase of the effective strength of the army. Inspections are now the order of the day and staff officers are quite busy. "If war comes, France means to be ready," was recently the significant remark of an officer of high rank.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF A HORSE THIEF.

Troy, November 14.—While a constable and posse of four men were bringing James M. League, jr., a horse thief, from Auburn to this place they were attacked by four masked men and League was shot through the back, the ball coming out in front. League was then tied to a horse, which took fright and galloped through the woods, followed by a mob, who kept up a rambling fire. League's clothing were torn from his body, and he was horribly mutilated by the brush. He was rescued by the posse alive, and wounds are not considered fatal. He was taken to a house near by, and it is feared the mob will hang him to-night.

——The Centre Hall *Reporter* remarks that the long winter evenings are coming, and concludes that now is the time to subscribe for that paper. Evidently the *Reporter* is desirous of establishing the custom of retiring early. Rise why its ability to induce such heaviness of the eyelids.—*Watchman.*

This is the first time we heard of the Reporter having that affect—we were always informed it was oil? rye that gave you such "heaviness of the eyelids."

Our over the way contemporary thinks Fred Kurtz's liver must be out of order. That's likely, as it couldn't possibly be his brains.—*Watchman.*

Well, now, we have credit for brains at least, something our neighbors will never get.

LOSS BY FIRE AT SELINSGROVE.

The Selinsgrove Tribune gives the following detailed account of the fire at that place recently:

	Loss.	Insurance.
George Schnure	$12,000	$5,900
S Weis	7,500	4,000
Lutheran Parsonage	2,000	
Rohrbach's heirs	5,000	3,000
Jane Rohrbach & daughter	600	400
Wells O Holmes	7,500	4,000
E Dents	2,400	1,000
Sam'l Stauffer	8,800	800
Jas Pawlin	800	
Henry A Boaling	5,000	1,000
Backus heirs	7,000	
R Loyd	300	200
Mrs Lachner	850	
Sam'l Feehrer	5,000	2,000
Mrs Jacob Miller	4,800	2,500
David Lupier	1,500	500
J G L Shingle	7,500	3,500
Chas Moyer	200	
Howard Ulsh	3,000	1,500
Chas Rhodes	2,000	2,000
Sam'l Alleman	2,505	
H E Miller	5 000	4,200
Chas H Boyer	6,000	2,500
J S Keely	4,000	1,200
Aunty Fishbach	200	
Jos Bowes	3,650	
J M Bowes	150	
W Bourrillion	100	
Fred App	5,000	3,000
Jno H Wenrich	2,200	1,800
Jacob F Walter	16,000	6,000
Geo Irby	9,000	3,200
Maj Rohbach	6,000	1,000
F Weirick	4,000	1,500
M E church	3,500	
Rob't Swineford	3,000	1,200
Bergstresser & Ulrich	2,400	800
S Faust	250	
Ulrich & Feehrer	50	
Dr Hottenstine	1,500	
R Z Jalem	200	
Chas Femberling	200	
Chas Keefer	200	
183, P O S of A	800	400
J S Halderman	150	
Miss Susan Waller	300	

1875. THE 1875.

PITTSBURG POST,

(DAILY and WEEKLY.)

The Weekly Established.....1804.
The Daily Established.....1845.

THE WEEKLY POST has no superior as a Family, Political and Literary Journal, and should find a place in every Democratic family in Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, West and Virginia. It is

WITHOUT A RIVAL

Among the great weekly journals of the country, each issue containing fifty-six columns of carefully selected and edited matter, suited to the family circle, embracing Political Editorials, General Editorials on all leading topics; Literary selections as well as original efforts both in Prose and Poetry; Bank and Art Reviews.

The Latest Live Stock Markets,

And the general Grain and Produce Markets of all the trade centres of the country, and Foreign Markets, General News and Select Miscellany.

The Great Political Revolution

of 1874 will work an entire change in the political management of the country, and it is highly important that Democratic ideas and Democratic arguments and principles should be spread before the people. This can be done in no better manner than by extending the already large circulation of

THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST.

In the future as in the past, THE POST will be the undeviating advocate of the pure and undefiled principles of the Democracy as handed down to us by the founders of our government and will always be found advocating

Honesty, Economy and Reform

In the administration of government. While THE POST will be the firm and unflinching advocate of Democracy, it will uphold no man in its ranks who does not practice honesty in all official stations and public places. This paper will reserve to itself the right to maintain its

Democracy and Independence In All Things,

And on all subjects; looking only to the best interests of the whole country and all classes of the community.

Owing to the recent changes in the

United States Postal Laws,

After the 1st of January, 1875, all newspaper postage must be paid by the publishers, so that it will be necessary to add the postage to the subscription, to all subscribers residing outside of Allegheny Co. Those residing in the county are required to pay no postage. Subscribers will see that this does not increase the price of their papers as they only transmit to us the postage they are compelled to pay to their local postmasters.

THE DAILY POST

Which occupies the position of being the only Democratic Daily Paper in Western Pennsylvania, and longest established Democratic Daily in the State will contain all the latest news and markets down to 4 o'clock A. M. of each morning, and will be furnished to all mail subscribers at $10.00 per year, postage paid by the proprietors.

Rates of Subscription.

WEEKLY POST

Single Subscription in Alleghany Co	$2 00
" " " outside of "	2 20
In Clubs of Five or over in "	1 50
" " " " " outside of "	1 70
DAILY POST	
By Mail Per Annum	$10 00
" " Six Months	5 00
" " 3 Months	2 00

We will make the Markets and Live Stock Reports a special feature in our WEEKLY POST, giving them accurately down to the hour of going to press, and it will prove an available companion to Farmers, Stock Raisers, Stock Deniers and all the industrial classes.

Specimen copies sent to any address free of charge. All orders should be addressed and remittances in Eastern drafts, Post-office orders or by Express made to

JAS. P. BARR & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHINA.

A Terrible Typhoon—Unprecedented Damage—Twenty Thousand Lives Lost and $5,000,000 Worth of Property Destroyed—A Frightful State of Affairs.

San Francisco, November 7.—Advices by the steamship China to September 26 say that a typhoon of unprecedented violence raged in Hong Kong, lasting two days. Not a single ship escaped undamaged. The casualities and loss of life exceed anything ever before placed on record.

After the storm Hong Kong looked like a besieged town. The loss at Hong Kong and Macoa is estimated 8,000 lives. Incoming vessels report meeting with corpses a long distance at sea. Many are daily washed ashore. The general damage to property exceeds five million dollars.

When the typhoon was raging, pirates fired the city in six places for spoils. The church of St. Antonio and a large number of houses were burned. The whole of Orayo Grandee was swept away; some reports say ten thousand persons perished. In Moccoa alone the effluvium of corpses became unbearable. The soldiers revolted and refused to bury the dead. The governor, apprehending pestilence, cremated four thousand corpses, first covering them with tar. A large number of Europeans perished. The whole kilted will reach twenty thousand

An earthquake accompanied the typhoon. When the Alaska ran ashore she sunk scores of junks, with hundreds of Chinamen aboard. She then struck the rocks with terrific force, but was not much damaged.

BATTLING WITH MASKED ROBBERS.

Desperate Affair Near Marietta.

On last Friday evening, about 5 o'clock, three men called at the farm-house of Miss Hoover, near Donegal Springs, and asked permission to sleep in the barn. It was granted, and just while the family, which consisted of Miss Hoover, an old man named Bishop, a boy about 18 years old, and a girl of the same age, were preparing to retire for the night, the men returned to the house and demanded something to eat. Suspicion was at once aroused in the minds of the occupants of the house that all was not right. Mr. Bishop passed the food out through a window, when one of the men—all of whom were now masked—knocked the dish from his hands, and leaped through the window into the house, followed by the others. Here a struggle began. In the fight Miss Hoover was knocked down by a blow from one of the ruffians, which sent her reeling under a table. She soon recovered, however and tore the mask from the face of one of them. Mr. Bishop was knocked down twice, but being a very stout man, fought manfully, dealing heavy blows on their heads with a smoothing-iron. While the fight was going on the girl ran up stairs, locked herself in a room, and blew a horn from the window This brought the neighbors, but before the assistance came the scoundrels had made their escape. The boy is severely cut about the eyes and head. Miss Hoover is an old lady, and is supposed to have a large amount of money. Bishop, being a brave man, prevented her being robbed and perhaps murdered. The kitchen and dining room were literally covered with blood from the fray.—*Lancaster Express of last evening.*

THE WAR IN BUENOS AYRES.

A Battle Fought, and another Hourly Expected.

Montevideo, Nov. 2.—Advices from Buenos Ayres state that a report has reached there, which was not officially confirmed, that a battle took place on the 26th ult in the province of Buenos Ayres, near the mouth of the Rio Salado, between the government troops and a body of rebels under Mitre. The results is said to have been uncertain, although the government forces claimed a victory. Mitre's force retired, and effected a junction with that of Riba's, when both again marched towards the city of Buenos Ayres. The government troops still retained their original positions about the capital, and a decisive engagement was hourly expected.

THE FORMOSAN DIFFICULTY STILL PENDING.

Shanghi, Nov. 3.—The amicable settlement of the Formosan difficulty between China and Japan still appears to be doubtful, notwithstanding the more pacific tone of recent advices

Iron in Spain Under Fire.

Santander, Nov. 4.—The Carlists commenced the bombardment of Iran this morning. One thousand Republican troops disembarked at Fontarabia yesterday.

Rebellion in Afghanistan.

London, Nov. 4.—News has been received from Central Asia that Yakoob Khan, son of Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, has rebelled against his father, and is now within three days' march of Candahar. A decisive battle is imminent unless the Ameer assents to the exclusion of British influence from Afghanistan.

ALABAMA.

The Rejoicings In Montgomery—The Blacks and Whites Mingle Together In Harmony.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 11.—One of the most notable features of the grand demonstration here last night was the number of United States flags on public and private buildings. Every man who could make, beg or borrow a star-spangled banner had it floating from his house, and all were greeted with cheers by the people, 15,000 in number. It was the grandest Union demonstration witnessed in the South since the war. Some of the negroes are going about selecting new masters, under the impression that they are to be sold again into slavery. The whites in vain endeavor to reassure them. The Conservative blacks mingled with the whites in the procession last night, and all rejoiced together. The universal expression is of renewed kindness to the colored race.

GREAT POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION.

Richmond, November 6.—The grandest political demonstration that has ever been witnessed in Richmond is now progressing under the auspices of the combined conservative clubs of the city in honor of the tremendous political revolution which has swept over the country, and especially the signal triumph of conservatism in Virginia. The populace is wild with excitement. An immense procession is parading the streets, cannons are being fired, tar balls thrown and a grand display of fire works. Large crowds, numbering from 12,000 to 15,000 people, are gathered in front of Ford's hotel, where speeches are being made.

Boston, Nov. 4.—The feeling in this city and section over the result of the election is profound, and the interest to-day has been scarcely less than yesterday. The papers unite in ascribing the defeat to the abuses which have crept into the Republican State party and its apparent sympathy with corruptions. They urge the cleansing process, and predict a more glorious record than ever in the future as the result of a temporary defeat. The defeat of Butler and Ayers is hailed with satisfaction even by the Republican press. Butler takes it coolly, and to day said: "If the Republican party can stand its losses I think I can bear my share." The Democrats in various parts of the State celebrated their victory to-day by firing 100 guns. In Maine and New Hampshire salutes were fired. At Gloucester 100 guns were fired, and Thompson made a speech at City Hall to his constituents.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

A certain Penn Hall rooster being in Millheim a few days ago, saw on a sign in front of a barber shop the following words: "three shaves for a quarter." This puzzled the mind of young America, and turning around asked a by standor whether a man would get the three shaves at once or how. We judge his intellect needs a shave.

Now the election is over and C. T. Alexander caged, Johnny Boozer ready to creep in a wool sack, the lamp posts free of democrats, the Bellefonte Republican, tried, convicted, condemned and executed, and the democracy brought out in all its brilliancy. How ish dat ye lobbyists of de African barty.

The Millheim foundry operated of late by our enterprising friend R. B. Hartman, has again changed the firm name and now stands Hartman & Erhard. Mr. Thomas G. Erhard, a straight out business and gentleman having taken an interest in it will now, in connection with his partner, do a fair business in all respects.

The Eisenhuth children who had been poisoned some time ago are both well again.

Penn township has this year, like last, one school wholly under the influence of the bible (J. C. Bible) for instance.

Dr. J. F. Alexander at present from Adamsville, Michigan, arrived at home on the 7th inst. to pay a visit to his friends and procure a better half, which he did on the 10th inst. Success to the Dr. and his.

Millheim has two barbers which accounts for reduced rates in the tonsorial line. Both are colored men, one colored black and the other white. 10 S. C.

Order has been restored at Little Rock, Ark., and Smith, who claims an election as Governor, has disappeared. A Washington report announces that he is about to establish a provisional government at Helena. Attorney-General Williams holds a conference with the President on the subject.

NEGRO VS. NEGRO.

Last evening Amos Simmes, a negro who was elected on the conservative ticket, was attacked by seven negroes in Hohma, Terre Bonne parish. Simmes, ran, and being pursued turned and fired upon the party killing one and wounding another. Simmes immediately surrendered and was sent to jail and was guarded during the night by a squad of citizens. Repeated threats were made to lay the town in ashes, but all is quiet there this morning.

FOREST FIRES.

St. Paul, November 9.—Heavy prairie fires are reported along the line of the Southern Minnesota railroad, and fears are entertained of disastrous results.

THE CARLIST WAR.

Bayonne, November 13.—The Carlists have concentrated in the province of Navarre, between the towns of Vera and Lesaca. The Republican troops are marching upon them.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—The ravages of diphtheria in Australia have been so extensive within the last few years that the Government offered a large reward for any certain method of cure; and among other responses to this was one by Mr. Greathead, who at first kept his method a secret but afterwards communicated it freely to the public. It is simply the use of sulphuric acid, of which four drops are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water to be administered to a grown person and a smaller dose to children, at intervals not specified. The result is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheritic membrane and its ready removal by coughing. It is asserted that where the case thus treated has not advanced to a nearly fatal termination the patient recovered in almost every instance.

Montgomery, Ala., November 3.—Several negro women dressed in men's clothing voted the Republican ticket at Huntsville to-day. They were arrested and placed in jail.

For the Reporter.

A Quack and $40 Lie.

MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of 17, Sept., last, I noticed an article from a quack who signs himself "Granger." As that is not his real name, he must be one of those African Samboes who does not know his real name, or else he is ashamed of it, otherwise he would have fathered his article as I do, by a genuine name. I think such fellows are no credit to the Grangers.

In the first place, this quack is grieved because the Dom. Sewing Machine Co. did not send to Mr. Grenoble, a Granger, one of their machines at $40 less than the real cost, saying nothing about the company's expence for patent, royalty, to manufacture, &c., and because the Company sent him a respectable reply directing him to their legal agent, and because the said agent had their reply published in the Reporter.

They sent back the order because they do not sell to Grangers upon other terms than to others—and not less than the established retail price. Thus proving that Patrons are on same footing with outsiders, although the order thinks it is a power. There must be something rotten in Denmark when a Granger tries to become agent in procuring machines for others, when on the one hand they profess to be opposed to agents, middlemen, &c.

Then "Granger" says I am a forty dollar sewing machine agent, alleging that to be my profession a machine This is false, and black as the ink with which it was written, and the author knows it. We ask him to prove it, and until he does so, I will hold him guilty of falsehood. I am ready to prove all my statements—and call upon him for the proof of the $40 lie. If the actual cost, as asserted, is not more than $17, why did the gentleman and Granger above mentioned offer $40, when he has a sworn statement of the first cost at $17? Something rotten again.

I am ready to enter into a contract for car-loads of the Domestic at $17—Now then, Mr. Granger, come on with your $17 Domestic, or back down. Try it over Mr. Granger, ride the goat, backward, forward, and sideways, and after all you are shaved of your $5 and monthly dues.

This quack speaks of an attempt to rob his neighbors, &c. Well, now, dear Granger, be on your guard, don't let the strangers come and steal your young ones if any in your nest, as all know you need all the misrepresentations you can scrape up, and then nobody will believe you. You need not feel so much alarm—outsiders care very little about you.

Now hear what the Dom. Sew. Mach. Co. says, about shaving: By reason of its great superiority, and the easy terms to customers, the price now established is very low. We guarantee to every one buying the popular, light-running Domestic more than the worth of their money.

DOMESTIC SEWING M' Co.

A few words more, Mr. Editor,—let the fellow who calls himself "Granger" through the columns of the Reporter of 17 Sept., take care of himself and learn the eleventh commandment—which is to mind his own business, if he has any, and keep his paw out of the Domestic Sew. Mach. Co., and their agents if he can not tell the truth. The Company and its agents are competent to manage their own affairs yet, and when assistance is needed, they will call upon parties of truth and veracity.

JAMES DUCK.

SETTLEMENT.—Persons having unsettled accounts with the estate of Henry Hess, late of Woodward, dec'd, are hereby notified to appear before the undersigned, without fail, with their accounts, on the 27th and 28th days of November, and make settlement.

AARON DUTWEILER
nov 19 3-t. Administrator.

HOUSE, LOT & SMITHSHOP AT

PUBLIC SALE.

The heirs of Philip Musser dec'd will offer at public sale on SATURDAY THE 19th DAY OF DECEMBER next on the premises a house and lot containing ¼ of an ac

Thanksgiving Proclamation by the President.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

We are reminded by the changing seasons that it is time to pause in our daily avocations and offer thanks to Almighty God for the mercies and abundance of the year which is drawing to a close.

The blessings of free government continue to be vouchsafed to us; the earth has responded to the labor of the husbandman; the land has been free from pestilence; internal order is being maintained and peace with other powers has prevailed. It is fitting that, at stated periods, we should cease from our secustomed pursuits and from the turmoil of our daily lives, and unite in thankfulness for the blessings of the past and in the cultivation of kindly feelings toward each other.

Now, therefore, recognizing these considerations, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend to all citizens to assemble in their respective places of worship on Thursday, the 26th day of November next, and express their thanks for the mercy and favor of the Almighty God, and laying aside all political contentions and secular occupations, to observe such day as a day of rest, thanksgiving and prayer.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington on this the 27th day of October, in the year 1874, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-ninth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President,
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Remedies for Cow Diseases and Vermin.

A letter from D. Aldrich of Johnson's Creek, to the Farmers' Club, says: For bloat in cattle, soft soap and new milk, half a pint or so each, is a most sovereign remedy, the dose seldom having to be repeated. I have known it to do its work in half an hour. It is a great gas exterminator; soon causes a lively eructation. For hollow horn —some cattle doctors say there is no such disorder—bore the horn on the under side with a nail, bit, or gimlet, not for the matter to discharge, it does that at the nose, but for the purpose of injecting strong vinegar, well peppered, red or black, blood warm. It has a very cleansing tendency, and produces a lively sensation in the animal for good. Keep the hole stopped with beeswax, or something else; repeat every two or three days. Hollow horns caused by interlacing their horns—nonsense that. Many queries as to what will destroy lice on stock I see. Years ago I sent to the club, and it was published, a remedy that has been frequently tried about here, and I have never heard of it failing to effect the desired object, viz.: calomel. Apply as much as will lie on the point of a penknife on the top of the head; rub into the hair well. A second application is seldom needed, howsoever numerous may be the vermin. On horses, cattle and dogs it has proved an effectual lice exterminator; though for dogs, I should say, from what I have heard, as I had no experience, that strychnine or paris green administered internally would be about the thing.

Education of Farmers' Boys.

How is it that we can see men who have moulded themselves on the anvil, who won't let their boys be moulded on the anvil too? As the leather-dealer pounds the leather together to make a sole, so the boy needs pounding to make him a man. If you don't you bring up a tender child, a child that won't wear well. And the same with a girl that is brought up without knowing how to work. There are misfortunes enough that fall upon the fair sex; there are adversities and sudden revolutions in affairs that more often fall like pitiless storms upon their heads than upon those of men, but of all adversities a foolish mother for a fair daughter is the most adverse; one who will not teach the child how to earn her living, who will not teach her fruitful industry. Music may be heard instead of spinning; but in some way or another work should be part of the education of every boy, and the boy who is brought up without knowing how to work is not brought up at all; he is abused. The old Jews used to say that a man not brought up to a trade is brought up to be a thief, and I am of the same opinion to a great extent. So, then, parents, if you would bring up the best crops here that your ground will allow, bring up stalwart boys that are able to work and are not ashamed of it, and bring up good stalwart girls that are able to work in the kitchen and about the house, and are not ashamed of it either.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Rotation of Crops.

The "best rotation" in one place would not be the best in another. This question of rotation in different localities is a matter for experiment. Grass, corn, wheat, and grass in many localities is excellent rotation. In others—grass, corn, roots, oats, barley, grass, is profitably adopted. In some localities where dairies are kept there should be no rotation with a view to securing good pastures and meadows—if the right kinds and proper number of varieties of grasses and clovers are sown, and the fertility of the meadows and pastures kept up by the proper topdressing with fertilizers. Where timothy grass is sown for meadow, and where it is profitable to grow pure timothy hay for meadow, the best way to keep up the crop is not always to plow it up the third year, but to sow the second year timothy seed on the sod without plowing, topdressing it with manure after sowing the seed. Because timothy "runs out" it does not follow that the soil is exhausted. It being a biennial plant, it requires reseeding every two years. This done with proper topdressing, a timothy sod can be "kept up" indefinitely.

Peck's Rules and Regulations.

Upon entering this office you are particularly requested not to use the doormat, as we wish to accumulate soil inside for a potato crop.

Please leave the door wide open, or, should you forget yourself and close it, slam it like thunder. (Winter arrangement.)

If the proprietor is engaged in conversation and it is your turn next, please lean your chair against the wall and whistle "Mulligan Guards;" if you can't whistle, sing.

Never neglect an opportunity to improve your mind. If we are temporarily absent sit on the desk, pick your teeth with the gold pen and read the letters. More may be found in the right hand drawer.

Smoking is particularly agreeable. If you are out of poor cigars we will lend you a pipe.

If you see any spittoons please expectorate on the floor, as the former are only for ornament.

Our office hours for listening to solicitors of church subscriptions are from eleven to one, for book agents one to three, advertising men all day. We attend to our own business at night.

We need about $1,000,000 more of life insurance. If you are acquainted with any agent please send him in; he hasn't been here since yesterday.

Don't hesitate to ask for a loan, the larger the better; but talk about something else half an hour beforehand—time isn't worth a cent a year to us.

Persons having no especial business with us will please call as often as their health will permit, or send doctor's certificates in case of absence.

Parties leaving date calendars will oblige us by placing them for the present in the basket under the desk, or until we can get a room with more commodious walls.

But collectors will hang statements on the file and call on Saturday at four A. M.

This store closes at three P. M. on Saturdays.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A CONFEDERATE STORY.

The Letter that Caused a Desertion.

At a recent political gathering in Tuscumbia, Ala., Gen. Cullen A. Battle related the following touching story in the course of his speech:

During the winter of 1863-64 it was my fortune to be President of one of the courts-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court-ground at Round Oak church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators, as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and, in response to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge Advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the President of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said: 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said: 'Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

"YOUR MARY."

Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me; and she whispered, 'O! Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come without your furlough? O! Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

HEADQUARTERS, A. N. V.

The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain cloud," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of battle and said, "General, I have one shell left. Tell me have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.

An Incident of a Massacre.

A magazine writer in a sketch of the United States a hundred years ago tells the following incident: Brandt and his band of savages penetrated into Orange county, New York, and the massacre of Minisink alarmed the Huguenot farmers in the rich valleys of the Shawangunk and the Dutch in the hill country around Goshen. As the savages pressed on into Orange county they came to a school-house which was yet filled with its children. They took the schoolmaster into the wood and killed him. They clove the skulls of several of the boys with their tomahawks; but the little girls, who stood looking on horror-struck and waiting for an instant death, were spared. A tall savage—it was Brandt—dashed a mark of black paint upon their aprons, and when the other savages saw it they left them unharmed. Swift as an inspiration the little girls resolved to save their brothers. They flung over them their aprons, and when the next Indians passed by they were spared for the mark they bore. The schoolmaster's wife hid in a ditch and escaped.

What He Wanted.

A St. Paul merchant stepped out of his place of business the other day into the warehouse to get a customer a piece of pork. When he dodged back into the store with his meat, he discovered the customer occupying an unusually awkward relation to his money-drawer, and yelled out, "I say, what are you doing around there?" The cuss kind of dug out from behind that counter, and as he assumed the proper location for a customer to occupy in another man's store—on the south side of the counter—he stammered out, "Oh, I was just—ahem!—I went around there to—ahem!—was just—I thought—I was just looking around there to—ahem!—I thought maybe little Charlie Ross was in under the counter, like?"

A REGULAR VENDETTA.

Two Families in a Quarrel for Years---Blood Shed at Every Meeting---A Strange History.

It began a score of years ago, in one of the cotton States. Taylor during a quarrel killed a man named Sutton. A pistol-shot avenged a fancied insult, and the murderer was left unpunished. The machinery of law was rude in the rough section where the brawl had occurred, and the surviving male representatives of neither the Sutton nor the Taylor families seemed to think it incumbent upon them to give the slayer up to the courts. A year or two after the murder, the Taylor family immigrated to Texas, evidently to avoid danger of future collision with the family of the murdered man. Soon afterward, the Suttons also went to Texas, and, as fate would have it, settled in an adjacent county, but each family lived in ignorance of the other's whereabouts until the close of the late war.

More than a decade had passed since the original "difficulty" between Taylor and Sutton, and one might imagine that the animosity of the injured family would have been somewhat appeased by the flight of time. But a little circumstance, which once more brought the families into collision, resulted in a vendetta which has few parallels in any country, and certainly none in the United States. A young Taylor, finding his desire for adventure stronger than his prudence, made across the county line one day, and stole a horse. The theft was discovered, and he was pursued, and fell by the rifle of a Sutton. This aroused all the angry memories of the past, and in a short time neither Taylors nor Suttons dared to leave their houses without being armed to the teeth. Open war was declared, and the citizens of the two counties in which the hostile families resided gradually took sides.

It is said that as many as twelve hundred persons were at one time so much interested in the vendetta, and so committed to one or the other side of the quarrel, that, had there been a general fight, they would, without hesitation, have joined in it. If they met on country roads, or at taverns, or in the market places, the implacable feud was carried on with a more intense bitterness than that of the Montagues and Capulets; a corpse was the result of every meeting; ambushing was common; a dead Taylor lying in front of a clump of bushes, with his brains blown out, marked the vengeance of the Suttons; and a lynched Sutton, taken suddenly from his horse and hung to a tree, testified to the sleepless hate of the Taylors. At last so many people became embroiled in these occasional murders, which are said to have numbered fifty, that the condition of affairs in the two counties became intolerable. Business and agriculture were almost entirely suspended; the courts were blocked with the suits and counter-suits of the two principals in the vendetta, and both sides desperately determined to bring matters to a climax. So they took the field in warlike array.

At this juncture, it was discovered that the Suttons were more numerous than the Taylors, and that they also had a larger number of adherents. After some guerrilla warfare, the Taylors were surrounded, and, rather than become the victims of a wholesale massacre, they consented to adjourn to the county seat of the county in which they then were, and there enter into a solemn compact to cease the vendetta, and "call it square." The compact was made; the two counties were wild with excitement; travel was once more unobstructed, and some confident persons laid aside their arms.

But one month later, as a veteran Sutton was seated with a companion on the deck of a steamer at Indianola, about to start for Galveston, a young Taylor shot them both dead. He was subsequently arrested at Galveston, and when, two months ago, he was sent to Indianola for trial, he was accompanied by two militia companies, who had been ordered to protect the majesty of the law against any farther pursuance of the most remarkable vendetta of modern times. The murderer now lies in prison awaiting his sentence, and, meantime, the Taylors and Suttons are once more vigorously at war.

The Long Ago.

Not long ago, while some repairs were being made in the basement of the United States Assay Office, corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York, a vault near the corner-stone was broken open, and some matters of historic interest were revealed. A stone slab was found, with an inscription showing that the edifice was erected in 1823. Also a large glass bottle filled with various curious documents was discovered, a quart bottle of Jamaica rum, and a peck of hickory-nuts, which crumbled to dust on being poured out from the measure in which they had so long reposed. In the bottle, among sundry papers, was found Longworth's "American Almanac" for 1821, which contains much interesting reading matter. A few brief passages are devoted to "Travelers" and some brief extracts will indicate the changes fifty years have wrought:

"Mail coach for Boston, through in thirty-eight hours, via New Haven and Hartford—Starts from Nos. 1 and 5 Courtlandt street every morning at half-past 8 o'clock. Fare to New Haven, $5.

"To Washington—United States mail coach from No. 1 Courtlandt street every day at 12 o'clock; fare, $24.

"To Philadelphia—United States mail stage from No. 1 Courtlandt street, every day at 12 o'clock; arrives at Philadelphia next morning at 5 o'clock; fare, $10.50."

The "rates of postage" on single letters are thus stated in the same almanac:

"On Single Letters—For any distance not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents; over 30 and not over 80 miles, 10 cents; over 80 and not over 150 miles, 12½ cents; over 150 and not over 400 miles, 18¾ cents; over 400, 25 cents."

A Heroine of the Commune.

The following was related to me recently of a noble woman whose name should live in history. She, together with her lover, a young surgeon, had taken care of the wounded Communists during the days and nights of their fierce fighting with the Versailles troops. Upon the entry of the latter into the city, when excitement was at its height, and when every one suspected of complicity with the Commune was shot without a question being asked, the surgeon was arrested and brought before the drum-head tribunal, in the Place du Chatelet. His life trembled for the moment in the balance, but was finally saved by the intercession of one of the judges present, who was an intimate friend of the accused. As the latter was being led from the room he met the woman whom he loved, who had helped him in the care of the wounded, and who was now accused of the same crime as he himself had been. "Good God, Marie!" are you here, too?" The woman took in the whole scene at a glance, saw the danger into which she would plunge her lover should she recognize him, and drew herself up coldly, saying, "You are mistaken, sir."—*New York Evening Post.*

Out of Egypt.

A story of the doings of the colored people of Augusta, Ga., is narrated in a newspaper of that city. In one of the churches there a new ceremony, called "Marching out of Egypt," has been introduced. About 9 o'clock P. M., solemnly chanting, the worshipers pace round and round; and those who endure until daylight are regarded as the predestinate favorites of God, with their future felicity assured. Those who break down are held to be in a parlous condition, such weakness of the flesh indicating a corresponding weakness of the spirit, Housekeepers occasionally experience great inconvenience from this muscular manifestation, especially when the cook is too much exhausted by the nocturnal agitations to prepare an early breakfast.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Prospects of the Forthcoming International Exhibition--List of Countries to be Represented--The Buildings in Process of Construction.

In conversation with ex-Gov. Bigler, a reporter learned that a vigorous effort was now being made to insure the success of the centennial exhibition. The only contest, said the ex-Governor, had been about the ceremonies that were to be observed, and about the way to raise the means to get at the proper preparations. Congress had commended the celebration to the people, and said that all the people should take part. It had, even at its last session, while declining to furnish capital, still adhered to the policy that the people must do this great thing, for it had provided for the admission and exhibition of goods free of duties, had granted additional financial facilities and invited all foreign nations to participate, and under these circumstances those who had accepted the trust granted by Congress determined to go on with the work. Without caring to inquire what might be the future inclination of Congress, said ex-Gov. Bigler, the Board of Finance deemed it proper to go before the country with a somewhat modified financial programme to raise the necessary capital for the work. The Board having discovered that a large class of people, who did not feel able to contribute the amount of a share of stock ($10), were anxious to have some identity with the work and contribute what they could, had, in order to gratify this desire, determined upon adopting a system of memorial medals under which members of the poorer class could contribute what they might see proper, from $1 upward, and be furnished with an imperishable evidence to go down to coming generations that they had some part or parcel in commemorating the first Centennial of American Independence. This, with the stock to the Centennial Board of Finance, was the financial scheme which was now being presented to the country, and the Board thought it a good one. Having secured, under the original plan laid down by Congress and by appropriations from the State of Pennsylvania and city of Philadelphia, a capital exceeding $4,000,000, the practical work for the great ceremonies had been commenced, the principal buildings had been placed under contract, and were now in process of rapid construction, and the Board were happy to state that they would all be completed in ample time. The smaller buildings were to be placed under contract in three or four weeks. The total floor space to be covered by the buildings would exceed forty acres. The art building, which is to cost $1,500,000 was to be the finest specimen of architecture in the country. More than half of the space of the buildings had already been applied for. Ex-Gov. Bigler further stated that he had every assurance that all sections of the United States would be amply represented at the exhibition, and said if anything were wanting to show that it would be a great success, it was to be furnished in the fact that Germany, Belgium, France, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Spain, China, Japan, Egypt, Switzerland, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, the Argentine Confederation, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela, the Sandwich Islands, Colombia and Hayti had accepted the invitation to attend, and it was known that England, Italy, Persia, Canada and Australia had adopted steps to take part in the exhibition. He hoped the public would look upon it as an international affair, and not alone eminently national. He expressed a strong hope that New York would take, in future, a more active interest in the exhibition, and that its citizens would subscribe something to aid in insuring its success.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Humility is the sweetest and fairest flower that groweth in the human mind.

Criticism is not religion, and by no process can it be substituted for it.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their hearts, as to their gardens.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take their own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—*Jean Paul.*

The order which is everywhere discernible in nature—the order of number, form, color and time—Tyndall's philosophy does not account for, and until such conditions are accounted for the doctrine of evolution must needs be weak and unsatisfactory.

The Suicidal Mania.

Suicides in France are remarkable for showing concerted action between two persons to terminate their lives. Lately cases of this kind have been exceptionally numerous. At Boulogne a youth of eighteen fell desperately in love with his employer's daughter, who to some extent returned his passion. The report that her parents contemplated her marriage with some other young man drove her lover wild. He disappeared, and presently she, too, was missed. Three days later their remains were found on the sands, in a desolate and lonely spot. A revolver lay near by. Again, about the same date a man aged forty, accompanied by a woman of twenty-three, took lodgings in Paris. They represented themselves as following trades, but their manners, appearance and conversation convinced the landlord that they were of a superior class. Their habits were exact and very economical. Failing to appear one day, their room was burst open. They were both dead—suffocated. A paper was found stating that they cared no longer to live. Their resources were evidently exhausted. They bequeathed their clothes and a ring to pay the landlord's expenses, and the letter concluded with a touchingly expressed request that the woman's rosary and cross might be buried with her. A vast number of the suicides in France seem to spring from the agonizing apprehension felt by persons who have been in comfortable circumstances of becoming moneyless. In no country, it is said, are poor relations made more acutely to feel that they are undesirable, than in France.

A Miser.

He may be called a miser. He lives near Buffalo, and is rich. Lately he was drawn on a jury in that city, and this is how he turned the event, usually considered a misfortune, to actual profit. The pay was a dollar and a half a day for four weeks, aggregating thirty-six dollars. He found lodgings at fifteen cents a night with a poor and dirty family, the total bill being four dollars and twenty cents. He bought a tin pail for twenty cents more, and there his expenditure ended. How did he eat? Every morning he went to a free soup house, established for the feeding of newsboys and bootblacks, and had his tin pail filled. Clear profit for the month, thirty-one dollars and sixty cents. He is a self-made man.

A Salt Lake City journal relates that a citizen of that place, while digging his turnips, had his attention directed to one monstrous turnip by reason of a slight motion, observable while the turnip was lying on the ground. On cutting it open a good-sized frog tumbled out and hopped off.

A BIT OF MORMON HISTORY.

The Secret of the Terrible Mountain Meadow Massacre.

A writer in a newspaper article calls to mind that the killing of Elder Parley P. Pratt, the second elder in the Mormon church at that time (in 1856 I believe it was), near Van Buren, by Mr. H. H. McLean, of San Francisco, was the cause of the Mountain Meadow massacre. Mr. McLean, agent for the steamship company of San Francisco, had his wife stolen from him by this man, and made his seventh wife. Mr. McLean sent his two children, after this happened, to his father-in-law in New Orleans. They were a boy and a girl, and as interesting as children could be. Some time after they arrived at New Orleans the mother left Salt Lake and went and got them and started to Utah with them. The almost broken-hearted father left his business to look after his children. On arriving at New York he heard of Pratt, and tracked him to St. Louis. Then he lost all sight of him and went to New Orleans. Arriving there he heard of his wife and children in Texas with a caravan going to Utah. He went to Texas, and there he intercepted letters written in cipher to Mrs. P. P. Parker, the assumed name of his wife. Having become able to decipher the letters, he learned from them they were from Pratt, and he desired the caravan to come to the neighborhood of Fort Gibson. Mr. McLean returned to New Orleans, broken down in spirit, and knew not what to do. He resolved to go to Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation. He did so, and under the name of Johnson (his secret being known to the officers of the fort) he captured his wife and children, and Pratt, also. They were arrested by the United States marshal, and taken to Van Buren, before United States commissioner John R. Ogden, for trial. The charges for stealing his wife's clothing could not be sustained, and there being no crime known to the laws of the United States under which he could be held, he was released. Never shall I forget the trial, the great excitement and popular desire for vengeance on Pratt. When Mr. McLean appeared in court and read the papers in cipher, written by the old serpent, and stated the history of his so happy family being broken up, the people desired to lynch Pratt, and he was put in jail to prevent it being done. McLean, himself, became so highly offended and so deeply excited that at one time he commenced drawing his pistol to kill him in the court room. Pratt was secretly discharged early the next morning, but the watchfulness of McLean found it out, and he followed him and killed him, and returned to town and gave notice of the fact. He then got some assistance of his friends, and took his children to New Orleans or San Francisco, and his wife, who had been a highly intellectual woman, was, I think, taken to an insane asylum. Of Mr. McLean it may be said that he was a gentleman of fine education, great business habits, a kind, generous, true and trusty friend, overflowing with human kindness—indeed, there are very few like him. His act was approved and justified by all this people. Many a time has the melancholy reflection come over me that the murder of 120 persons by the Mormons was for the just death of this impostor and scoundrel.

Diastase as a Digestive Agent.

The substance here named, says Dr. Collens C. Hunt, which is believed to be new as a remedial agent, was first employed by William Elmer, M. D., of New York, who has given it a fair trial for a year or two, with most gratifying results. It not only aids in the digestion of starchy food, but seems to impart vigor to the digestive functions generally, and through this action supplies energy to the brain and nervous system. For some of the worst forms of indigestion, the use of diastase has had the effect, in particular, of producing the most tranquil and refreshing sleep, and that where, previously, satisfactory sleep had been almost unknown. This result is attributed to the digestive power of diastase more than to any other property it posseses. Diastase may be given in the form of a syrup or in lozenges. The dose is from one to two grains directly after each meal. The syrup should be used with glucose rather than with cane sugar; but any syrup has the great objection that it is required to be kept cold, or the diastase is liable to turn sour.

He Saved Her.

A very remarkable case, showing the influence of mind over matter, was illustrated at Mingaut Valley, N. Y. A peddler entered the dwelling of a citizen, and endeavored to sell some of his wares to the lady of the house. In the course of the conversation she remarked that her husband, who was in the next room, was a cripple and had not been able to move from his bed in many years. On learning this the peddler made a dastardly assault upon the lady, who struggled with him bravely, but was about to be overpowered when, by a superhuman effort the husband leaped from the bed, seized a crutch, and felled the scoundrel to the ground. Reaction immediately set in, however, and, having saved his wife's honor, he fell to the floor, dead. The peddler escaped, and great excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

Stealing.

It is very singular how often people claiming to be respectable take soap and towels by mistake from hotel bedrooms when they depart. In some of the large hotels this thoughtlessness on the part of guests has gotten to be a great annoyance and something of an expense to the proprietor. We fear that it will come to this—that soap will have to be charged and towels nailed to the washstands, and on the back of the door an appendix to the usual notice will request guests not to carry off the bedsteads by mistake!

HIS REVENGE.—His number in the Paris list of drivers was 13,022. He had seen better days, but now he drove a cab. He was sent, with others, to carry a wedding party from the church to a wedding breakfast. In his cab were placed the bridegroom and the bride. He recognized in the bridegroom a man who had once had him put in prison for debt. Once fairly on the way, he whipped up and drove away from the other cabs and landed the bride and bridegroom, badly damaged, after an hour's hard drive in a desolate rural district on the wrong road. They got home at midnight. It was an epic vengeance.

A MOTHER'S COURAGE.—A little girl, while playing on a railroad track at Hollidaysburg, Pa., got her foot so wedged in a frog that she was held fast. Her mother saw the predicament and heard an approaching train. She ran to the rescue of her child, but could not extricate the foot. The train came on, and although the engineer applied the brakes, it was clear that it could not be stopped quick enough. The mother, finding that the girl could not be less than maimed, held her as far off the track as she could while the cars went by. A foot was crushed, but a life was saved.

Exports of Musical Instruments.

Official records of Custom House returns at Washington show that the total value of musical instruments exported from the United States during the year ending June 30, 1874, was $550,327. Of this, $258,176 were for pianos and $292,151 for parlor or reed organs. Of this latter amount $163,169, or more than *one-half of the whole*, were of the cabinet organs made by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., which bid fair to become as famous in Europe as they have long been in America. This company certainly have reason to be proud of the fact that the European demand for their organs is larger than that for all others combined.—*Boston Traveller.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS,

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The brig Lophema, from Liverpool, picked up from a raft five persons belonging to the steamship Mary, which foundered while on a voyage from Glasgow to Trinidad. It is probable that with the exception of the five persons above mentioned and the two landed at Falmouth by the steamship Horseguards, all those who were on the Mary, including the captain, are lost..... The *Times of India* announces that Col. Mowbray Thompson, the defender of Cawnpore, fails to identify the person who claimed to be Nana Sahib, though he says there is certainly a likeness. The prisoner declares he was drunk when he falsely confessed that he was Nana Sahib. He says that he was arrested by mistake in 1864, and subsequently released, and claims that he has relatives who will recognize him..... Chicago elevators contain 1,539,359 bushels of wheat, 1,025,552 bushels of corn, 366,371 bushels of oats, 48,990 bushels of rye and 121,214 bushels of barley—a grand total of 3,101,486 against 3,970,405 bushels at this time last year..... Mr. E. Colbert, of the *Chicago Tribune*, an astronomer of some repute, denies the statement that an unusual group of sun spots are at present visible. He declares as a result of his own observations with a glass of moderate power that none are visible.....The Utica (N. Y.) *Herald's* summary of the cheese business shows that 350 factories have made 439,990 boxes of cheese this year against 416,083 boxes last year, a gain of four per cent..... It is computed that there are over 13,000 polygamists in Utah.

A poor woman in New York declared on her death bed that she was kicked to death by her drunken husband.....Almost every steamer from Europe brings Mormon immigrants for Salt Lake.....Gov. Dix, of New York, has commuted the sentence of Mrs. Johnson, who was to be hanged at Mayville. She will go to Sing Sing.....Reports of distress in Nebraska and Kansas are received daily in Chicago, and the demands for help are constantly becoming more urgent. The unfortunate settlers are thus early in the season actually suffering for the lack of food, and the prospect for the winter is dismal beyond measure. It is stated that the extent of the grasshopper devastation has not been fully appreciated, and that additional territory is constantly being added to that where want is known to exist.....One man was killed and several injured by the caving in of a bank at Springfield, Mass..... Judge Snell, in Washington, sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail, a man who set a bull-dog upon a small girl. The dog nearly tore off one ear of the girl, and shockingly lacerated the back part of her head, and stripped her of her clothing.

While Major E. A. Burke was attempting to administer a whipping to Gov. Kellogg in New Orleans, Kellogg drew his revolver and fired at his assailant, who returned the fire three or four times without effect..... The President of the United States has issued a proclamation appointing the 26th day of November as a day of public thanksgiving.....Oliver Gallien was hanged at Bathurst, N. B., for the murder of Xavier Paulin.....Four squares of buildings were destroyed by fire at Greencastle, Ind. Loss, $350,000.....A fire at Plymouth, Pa., destroyed property valued at nearly $100,000. .....One hundred and thirty-six degrees of Doctor of Divinity have been conferred by colleges in the United States this year.....An insane man in East Long Meadow, Mass., named George Hall, burned his own barn, along with fifteen tons of hay belonging to a Mr. Campbell, who carried on the place. Hall says: "I set it on fire, but it made a bigger blaze than I supposed it would."..... Advices from Venezuela report that the provinces of Cora and Barcelona have risen in revolution against President Guzman Blanco. The insurgents are under the lead of Senors Polivia, Ibira, and Pulido.....Major Schofield captured 69 Noconee warriors and 2,000 ponies on Elk Creek.

Kullman, the would-be murderer of Prince Bismarck in Germany, has been sentenced to imprisonment for fourteen years, and ten years' suspension of his civil rights..... The cotton crop of the Presidency of Bombay promises the largest yield ever recorded..... The insurrection of Khokand has been suppressed .....Lieutenant-General Sheridan reports that there is every indication of the close of the Indian war before winter sets in. The Indians are fleeing from the troops, and many are surrendering unconditionally.....The Congress of the Argentine Confederation has passed a resolution declaring the public in a state of siege, and voted the money necessary to crush the insurrection, which seems to be growing very serious..... A fire broke out in the Belcher mine, Nevada, 850 feet below the surface, and the flames resembled that of a volcano.....Forest fires have been raging to a frightful extent in Ohio.....A foreman in a New York storehouse was brutally murdered by two men whom he had discharged by order of his employer.

The Quebec Legislature has been summoned to meet on December 3..... President Grant has written a congratulatory letter to the Emperor of Russia, on the marriage of the Grand Duke, in which he says: "Feeling a lively interest in all that concerns your Majesty's august family, I participate in the satisfaction afforded by this happy event, and offer to your Majesty my sincere congratulations upon the occasion, with the assurance that the newly-married Grand Duke and Princess have my best wishes for their prosperity and happiness, and so I commend your Majesty and your Majesty's royal family to the Almighty....." Sixty buildings were burned at Selinsgrove, Pa., causing a loss of $125,000. .....Pennsylvania has 125 blast furnaces, 160 rolling mills, 15 rail mills, 18 steel works, and 31 bloomeries. The iron works in all the other States are not so numerous by one-half as the Keystone State alone. In these iron works there are not half the number of men at work now that were employed six months ago..... The late typhoon was very severely felt in Shirakawa Ken, Japan. Ten thousand houses were destroyed, and more than 1,000 persons perished, some being drowned and others crushed. Thirteen places lately reclaimed from the sea were washed away..... Japan and China are still trying to avoid war, but are still urged on to it by foreign influence..... Four thousand women in Utah voted in favor of sustaining polygamy..... Gold still keeps in the neighborhood of 10½ per cent. premium in the United States monied centers.....Fifteen hundred persons are sick with typhoid fever in a Lancashire, England, country town.....Serious disasters have taken place to many grain-laden vessels on the lakes.....The United States War Department is reducing the personnel of the army to 25,000 men, there being about 27,000 in service. The reduction will leave one officer to every eleven men.....The first iron ever manufactured in Utah was lately shipped East. .....Four wild steers in Baltimore created considerable consternation and much painful injury to several persons; one woman who was injured died.....On the Champs Elysees an Englishman riding a beautiful horse threw his hat into a landau in which were two ladies; greatly surprised, they looked at him closely, saw his head fall, and screamed. Policeman came—and the Englishman was dead in the saddle with apoplexy.

The new Army bill introduced by the French government provides for raising a total force of 930,000 men.....After nearly a year's burning the Empire Coal Mine, near West Pittston, Pa., has been extinguished, steam being used for the purpose.....Sentence has been pronounced on the three military men accused of having murdered President Balti in prison in July, 1872. Their names are Najar, Patino and Espinozco. The first two are to draw lots which shall be executed. The third is to have fifteen years' penal servitude.....The Secretary of the United States Centennial Commissioners received a communication stating that the King of Sweden and Norway had appointed a committee to prepare for participation in the Centennial exposition.....The last Atlantic cable has been picked up and the whole cable is being laid.....Large and destructive fires have been raging in the Dismal Swamp..... James Luke, a charcoal seller, quarreled with Mrs. Sarah Cronk and toward midnight attempted to force the door of her dwelling at Wanaque, N. J. Mrs. Cronk and her husband warned him away. He forced the door and the woman shot him dead. When arrested she said that she was enraged by his language and killed him as he entered the door.....Buffalo Bill, who has been to the Black Hills region, says the land there is rich with gold.....A. R. Bogardus, the champion wing shot of America, has challenged Ira Paine to shoot, under the following conditions: Stake, $2,500 a side; every bird killed within five feet of the trap to be scored as lost..... A large lot of Chinamen have been brought to the United States to make cigars.....James Lick and his wife were attacked on the street by George Rapp and his wife. Mrs. Lick was murdered on the spot. Mrs. Rapp and her husband then attacked Mr. Lick, the former being armed with a knife and the latter with a tinner's soldering iron, and after knocking him prostrate they placed him face downward in a small creek, and Rapp stood on him to hold his face in the water until he was strangled. They were frightened off by approaching footsteps, and Lick was picked up insensible, and died shortly after.....The Italians who went to work in some of the Pennsylvania coal mines now demand higher wages than have been paid them.

ROBBING THE DEAD.—An old soldier in Sicily gave his wife a silk dress. His wife died and was buried in the dress. Some weeks after the old soldier saw this dress on a woman in the country, and, making inquiry, was told she had purchased it from the men who had the custody of the village cemetery. He reported the case to the police, who investigated and made the discovery that a regular trade was carried on in effects taken from dead bodies. There was even a trade in hair.

Arthur Help says: "Silence is the great fellow-workman. Talking prevents doing."

EVERY READER of this paper can receive, *free*, a copy of the best *Agricultural* and *Family* newspaper in this country by addressing *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*, 78 Duane street, N. Y.—*Com.*

Can It be True?

Within the last few months a considerable number of persons have called upon Dr. Walker, the proprietor of the popular medicine known as Vinegar Bitters, and assured him that, in their belief, his preparation is an infallible antidote for rum and tobacco. The minute details which have been furnished him forbid him to doubt the accuracy of the statements. This new claim of a great remedy to the confidence of the public will give a vast and well-deser